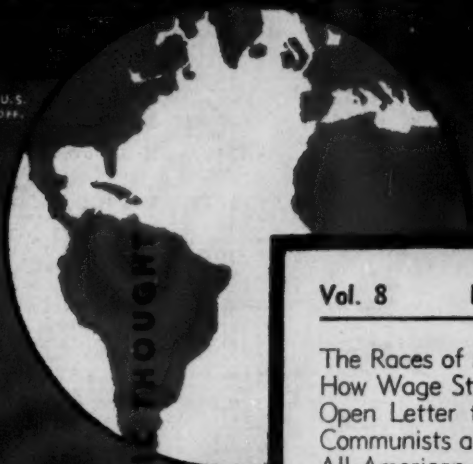


Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.



THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

25¢

Vol. 8

FEBRUARY, 1944

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Incline my heart, O God, unto Thy testimonies. Turn away my eyes, that they may not behold vanity: quicken Thou me in Thy way. I said: O Lord, have mercy upon me. Heal Thou my soul, because I have sinned against Thee.

From Terce of Quinquagesima Sunday.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The Races of Mankind

How crazy we are

By RUTH BENEDICT and GENE WELTFISH

Condensed from the pamphlet*

The Bible story of Adam and Eve, father and mother of the whole human race, told centuries ago the same truth that science has shown today: that all the peoples of the earth are a single family and have one common origin. Science describes the intricate make-up of the human body: all its different organs cooperating in keeping us alive, its curious anatomy that could not possibly have "just happened" to be the same in all men if they did not have a common origin. Take the structure of the human foot, for instance. When you list all the little bones and muscles and the joints of the toes, it is impossible to imagine that they would all have happened twice. Or consider our teeth: just so many front teeth, so many canines, so many molars. Who can imagine finding the same arrangements in two human species if they weren't one family?

The fact of the unity of the human race is proved, therefore, in its anat-

my. It is proved also by the close similarity in what all races are physically fitted for. No difference among human races has affected limbs and teeth and relative strength so that one race is biologically outfitted like a lion and another biologically outfitted like a lamb. All races of men can either plow or fight, and all of the racial differences among them are in nonessentials such as texture of head hair, amount of body hair, shape of the nose or head, or color of eyes and skin. The white race is the hairiest, but a white man's hair isn't thick enough to keep him warm in cold climates. The Negro's dark skin affords him some protection against the strong sunlight in the tropics, and white men often have to take precautions against sunstroke. But the war has shown that white men can work and fight even in a tropical desert. Today white men in hot countries wear sun helmets and protect their bodies with clothes and rub their skin with

*Public Affairs Committee, Inc. October, 1943. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

sun-tan oil. Very dark-skinned people in the North, too, can add cod-liver oil and orange juice to their diet, and, if they need to, take a vitamin pill or two. The shape of the head, too, is a racial trait; but whether it is round or long, it can house a good brain.

The races of mankind are what the Bible says they are, brothers. In their bodies is the record of their brotherhood.

The greatest adventure story in the history of the world is the spread of early man to all corners of the globe. With crude tools, without agriculture, without domesticated animals except the dog, he pressed on, from somewhere in Asia, to the tip of Africa, to the British Isles, across Bering Strait into America and down to Cape Horn. He occupied the islands of the Pacific and the continent of Australia. The world had a very small population then, and many of these pioneers were for centuries as separated from other peoples as if they lived on another planet. Slowly they developed physical differences.

Those who settled nearer the equator, whether in Europe, Asia, or in the Americas, developed a darker skin color than those who settled to the north of them. People's hair is often the same over great areas: frizzly hair, lank hair, wavy hair. Europeans remained quite hairy, but in some parts of the world the body hair almost disappeared. Blue eyes appeared in the North. In some places in Asia a fold of skin developed over the inner corner of the eye and produced what we call a slant eye.

All these distinctive traits made it easy to recognize people as belonging to different parts of the world. In each place the people got used to looking at one another. They said, "Our men are really men. Our women are beautiful. This is the way people should look." Sometimes they liked the appearance of their close neighbors. But strangers seemed odd. Strangers wore funny clothes, and their manners were bad. Even more important, strangers did not look the way people should. Their noses were too flat or too pointed. Their skin was "a sickly white" or "a dirty black." They were too fat or too short. Everywhere in the world men and women used the standard of their own people to judge others and thought that people who differed from this standard looked funny or ugly.

After the discovery of America by Columbus, Europeans began traveling to every quarter of the globe, and all the new peoples they met were complete strangers to them. For one thing, the Europeans could not understand their languages. They looked and acted strange. Europeans thought they were different creatures and named a lot of different "races." Gradually the Europeans described each one as having a skin color, kind of hair, kind of lips, height, and head shape that was peculiar to that "race." Nowadays we know that this was a false impression.

Take height, for example. There are tall and short persons almost everywhere in the world. Near the sources of the Nile, the Shilluk Negroes are 6 feet, 2 inches tall; their neighbors, the

brown pygmies, only 4 feet, 8 inches. In Italy, a six-footer and a five-footer could both be native Italians for generations back. Among the Arizona Indians, the Hopi Pueblos are 5 feet, 4 inches; their Mohave neighbors are nearly 6 feet.

A Selective Service report of Nov. 10, 1941, showed that registrants examined for the U. S. Army varied in height from 4 feet, 6 inches to 7 feet, 4 inches. This represents the extremes of height anywhere in the world. The Army's limits for acceptance, from 5 feet to 6 feet, 6 inches, would include most men the world over.

Take the shape of the head as another example. In West Africa there are more long heads; in the Congo, more round. Among our own American Indians, as well as in the population of Europe, both the longest and the roundest heads are to be found, and in Asia Minor both long heads and round appear among close relatives.

Or let us take the brain itself. Because the brain is the thinking organ, some scientists have tried to find differences in the size and structure of the brain among different groups of people. In spite of these efforts, the best scientists, using the finest microscopes, cannot tell from examining a brain to what group of people its owner belonged. The *average* size of the brain is different in different groups, but it has been proved over and over again that the size of the brain has nothing to do with intelligence. Some of the most brilliant men in the world have had very small brains. On the other

hand, the world's largest brain belongs to an imbecile.

For ages men have spoken of "blood relations" as if different peoples had different blood. Some persons have been shouting that if we got into our veins the blood of someone with a different head shape, eye color, hair texture, or skin color, we should get some of that person's physical and mental characteristics.

Modern science has revealed this to be pure superstition. All human blood is the same, whether it be the blood of an Eskimo or a Frenchman, of the "purest" German "Aryan" or an African pygmy, except for just one medically important difference. This medical difference was discovered when doctors first began to use blood transfusion to save life. In early attempts at transfusion it was discovered that "agglutination," or the clumping together of the red cells, sometimes occurred and caused death. Gradually investigators learned that there are four types of blood, called O, A, B, and AB, and that although blood typed O can be mixed successfully with the other three, none of the three can be mixed with one another without clumping.

One of these types of blood is inherited by each child from its forebears. But whites, Negroes, Mongols, and all races of man have all these blood types. The color of their skin does not tell at all which blood type they have. You and an Australian bushman may have the same blood type. Because you inherit your bodily traits from your many different ancestors, you may have a dif-

ferent blood type from your mother or your father or your brothers and sisters. You may possess eyes like your mother's, teeth and hair like your father's, feet like your grandfather's, and a blood type the same as your great-grandmother's.

Finally, let us take skin color, the most noticeable of the differences between peoples. Few traits have been used so widely to classify people. We all talk about black, white, and yellow races of man.

In the world today the darkest people are in West Africa and the lightest in northwest Europe, while in southeast Asia are men with yellowish-tan skins. Most people in the world, however, are not of these extremes but are in-betweens. These in-betweens probably have the skin shades that were once most common, the white, yellow, and dark brown or black being extreme varieties.

Recently, scientists have found that skin color is determined by two special chemicals. One of these, *carotene*, gives a yellow tinge; the other, *melanin*, contributes the brown. These colors, together with the pinkish tinge that comes when the blood vessels show through, give various shades to the human skin. Every person, however light or dark his skin may appear, has some of each of these materials in his skin. The one exception is the albino, who lacks coloring substances, and albinos appear among dark and light-skinned peoples alike. People of browner complexions simply have more *melanin* in their skin, people of yellowish color

more *carotene*. It is not an all-or-nothing difference; it is a difference in proportion. Your skin color is due to the amount of these chemicals present in your skin.

As far back in time as the scientist can go he finds proof that animals and men moved about in the world. There were different kinds of animals, and many of them went great distances. But wherever they went, the different kinds could not breed together. A tiger cannot mate with an elephant. Even a fox and a wolf cannot mate with each other. But whenever groups of people have traveled from one place to another and met other people, some of them have married and had children.

We are used to thinking of Americans as mixed. All of us have ancestors who came from regions far apart. But we think that the English are English and the French are French. This is true for their nationality, just as we are all Americans. But it is not true for their *race*. The Germans have claimed to be a pure German race, but no European is a pure anything. A country has a population. It does not have a race. If you go far enough back in the populations of Europe you are likely to find all kinds of ancestors: Cro-Magnons, Slavs, Mongols, Africans, Celts, Saxons, and Teutons.

It is true, though, that people who live closer together intermarry more frequently. This is why there are places like Alsace-Lorraine, where Germans and French have intermarried so much that the children cannot tell whether they are German or French, and so call

themselves Alsatians. Czechoslovakia included old Bohemia, which had a population of Nordics and semi-Asiatics and Slavs. After the first World War the Germans and the Czechs who lived along the border between the two countries intermarried so often that the Germans of this section got to look like Czechs and the Czechs began to speak German.

The people of every European nation have racial brothers in other countries, with which they are often at war. If at any one moment you could sort into one camp all the people in the world who were most Mediterranean, no mystic sense of brotherhood would unite them. Neither camp would have language nor nationality nor mode of life to unite them. The old fights would break out again unless social conditions were changed; the old hatred between national groups; the old antagonism between exploiter and exploited.

The movements of peoples over the face of the earth inevitably produce race mixture and have produced it since before history began. No one has been able to show that this is necessarily bad. It has sometimes been an advantage, sometimes a running sore threatening the health of the whole society. It can obviously be made a social evil, and, where it is so, sensible people will avoid contributing to it by grieving if their children make such alliances. We must live in the world as it is. But, as far as we know, there are no immutable laws of nature that make racial intermixture harmful.

The most careful investigations of

intelligence have been made in America among Negroes and whites. The scientist has come to realize that every time he measures intelligence in any man, black or white, his results show the intelligence that man was born with *plus* what happened to him since he was born. The scientist has much proof of this. For instance, in the first World War, intelligence tests were given to the American Expeditionary Forces; they showed that Negroes made a lower score on intelligence tests than the whites. But the tests also showed that northerners, both *black and white*, had higher scores than southerners, *black and white*. Everyone knows that southerners are inborn equals of northerners, but in 1917 many southern states' per capita expenditures for schools were only fractions of those in northern states, and housing, diet, and income were far below average, too. Since the great majority of Negroes lived in the South, their score on the intelligence test was a score they got not only as Negroes, but as Americans who had grown up under poor conditions in the South. Scientists therefore compared the scores of southern whites and northern Negroes.

Median Scores on A.E.F.

Intelligence Tests

Southern Whites:

Mississippi	41.25
Kentucky	41.50
Arkansas	41.55

Northern Negroes:

New York	45.02
Illinois	47.35
Ohio	49.50

Negroes with better luck after they were born attained higher scores than whites with less luck. The white race did badly where economic conditions were bad and schooling was not provided, and Negroes living under better conditions surpassed them. The differences did not arise because people were from the North or the South, or because they were white or black, but because of differences in income, education, cultural advantages, and other opportunities.

Scientists then studied gifted children. They found that children with top scores turn up among Negroes, Mexicans, and Orientals. Then they went to European countries to study the intelligence of children in homelands from which our immigrants come. Children from some of these countries got poor scores in America, but in their homeland children got good scores. Evidently the poor scores here were due to being uprooted, to speaking a foreign language, and living in tenements; the children were not unintelligent by *heredity*.

History proves that progress in civilization is not the monopoly of one race or sub-race. When our white forebears in Europe were rude stone-age primitives, the civilizations of the Babylonians and the Egyptians had already flourished and been eclipsed. There were great Negro states in Africa when Europe was a sparsely settled forest. Negroes made iron tools and wove fine fabrics for their clothing while fair-skinned Europeans still wore skins and knew nothing of iron.

About the time Europe was coming into the Middle Ages, Marco Polo visited China and found there a great civilization, the like of which he had never imagined. Europe was a frontier country in those days compared with China.

Since the beginning of history, an unusual collection of fortunate circumstances have been present among one race, sometimes among another. Up to now, every great center of civilization has had its day and has given its place to others. The proud rulers of yesterday become the simple peasants of another era. The crude people who once threatened the great cities become later the kings and emperors in the same country. The peoples change, but the old arts of life are, for the most part, not permanently lost. They pass into the common heritage of mankind.

Nevertheless there is race prejudice in America and in the world. Race prejudice is not an old universal "instinct." It is hardly 100 years old. Before that, people persecuted Jews on account of their religion, not their "blood"; and they enslaved Negroes because they were pagans, not for being black.

Looking back now, moderns are horrified at all the blood that was shed for centuries in religious conflicts. It is not our custom to torture and kill a man because he has a different religion. The 21st century may well look back on our generation and be just as horrified. If that century builds its way of life on the Atlantic Charter, for the whole wide world, our era will seem a nightmare

from which they have awakened. They will believe we were crazy. "Why should race prejudice have swept the western world," they will say, "where no nation was anything but a mixture of all kinds of racial groups? Why did nations just at that moment begin talking about the 'racial purity' of their blood? Why did they talk of their wars as racial wars? Why did they make people suffer, not because they were criminals or double-crossers, but because they were Jews or Negroes or non-Nordic?"

We who are living in these troubled times can tell them why. Today weak nations are afraid of the strong nations; the poor are afraid of the rich; the rich are afraid they will lose their riches. People are afraid of one another's political or economic power, they are afraid of revenge for past injuries, they are afraid of social rejection. Conflict grows fat on fear. And the slogans against "inferior races" lead us to pick on them as scapegoats. We pin on them the reason for all our fears.

Fun With Feeney

"You like chips, don't you?" said the little girl, as I [Father Feeney] kept reaching my hand into the dish and extracting another and another flaky fried potato and began crackling it with my teeth. "Yes," I replied, "I'm a regular chip monk."

The other day it was reported in the newspaper that a Maine hen had won a prize for having hatched nearly 200 pullets in the course of a single year. Now what ought the faithful punster to remark on hearing that? He ought to remark that the hen deserved the Pulletser Prize. I see.

As good a pun as was ever spoken, to my memory, was made by a young English Jesuit, now teaching at Wimbledon College. He met in a railway train a young man who said he was constructing a philosophy of his own. The young man declared that he set the foundation of his private philosophical system in the following epistemological principle: "I am, therefore I think!" "Oh," replied the young Jesuit, "isn't that putting Descartes before the horse?"

From The Leonard Feeney Omnibus (Sheed, 1943).

How Wage Stabilization Benefits You

By FRED M. VINSON*

Hold that line!

Condensed from *Liberty*†

Why should I not receive more money for the work I am doing? That is the question millions of American wage earners, faced with the rise in the cost of living, are asking.

The answer is that giving you a raise would contribute to the danger of inflation. And inflation would take more out of your pocket than the amount of your pay raise.

When wages go up, production costs also go up. Your employer must then seek higher prices for his product from the public. The public is you. In time you are the one who pays the higher prices and your cost of living goes up still further, canceling out your pay increase.

That is why ceiling prices have been slapped on many necessities of life and why a law has been passed freezing salaries and wages, except in certain well-considered instances, at the level of Sept. 15, 1942. Thus we are holding back the flood waters of inflation.

But breaks in the dam, such as pay raises for specific jobs, or increases in prices, threaten the collapse of the dam, which would endanger our savings, jobs, war bonds, life insurance, our very existence as a nation.

There is no way on earth that the workingman can profit from inflation.

The farmer certainly knows from bit-

*Director, Office of Economic Stabilization.

ter experience that he cannot profit from a false boom and a certain collapse of prices. Early paper profits will only be wiped out by advancing costs or the inevitable crash. That is a losing game.

Inflation could very easily and quickly double the cost of the war. Testimony presented before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee showed that government purchases alone would have cost at least half again as much had it not been for effective price-control measures. These measures have saved our citizens billions in the cost of food, clothing, and shelter. No one would have profited from those excesses. Higher prices would have imposed destructive burdens upon every American family. There is absolutely no other way to "beat the game" against inflation. An economic cyclone brings no blessings in disguise. It does not promote production.

We can stop inflation before it starts. The important thing is to "hold the line." This requires taxes, regulations, subsidies, sacrifices, and many other things that we do not welcome, because they are vexatious and objectionable. But they are necessary to do the wartime job.

It was once believed that dangerously high prices were inevitable in wartime. Inflation was recognized as a

†205 E. 42nd St., New York City, 17. Nov. 27, 1943.

natural consequence of war. Now we know that this is bunk.

When we talk about "letting prices seek their natural level" it may mean shoes to cost \$30, apples to cost 25c each, a loaf of bread to cost 25c, a chicken \$5, and a gallon of gasoline anything the black market wishes to charge. Once inflation, which simply means higher prices and higher wages and salaries, gets out of hand, no one can foresee the result.

In this country we have never seen types of inflation such as those which have developed abroad, where it has been necessary to carry money in a wheelbarrow to the grocery store. As the Americans enter occupied territories, they find prices unbelievably high. In fact, one of the first essential steps of the Army has been to stabilize the marketing of goods.

When we talk of letting prices seek their natural levels, do we mean that we are willing to have to rush home to spend our pay immediately, in fear that prices will advance before we can buy what our families need? During the last war the High Cost of Living became so high that it was always spelled with capital letters in the newspapers. Many prices went to nearly twice what they are now.

Prices of farm machinery, according to official estimates, rose 74%, while the increase this time has been held to 6½%.

If it had not been for rationing and price ceilings, the things that the aver-

age family is buying now might be costing twice what they do. Between May, 1941, and May, 1942, when the first general maximum price regulation was imposed, the cost of living rose 12.7%. In the next 12 months, between May, 1942, and May, 1943, the cost of living rose only 7.8%. Between May 15 and June 15 of this year the cost of living declined for the first time since Pearl Harbor. A further decline was noted in July, and another in August. Between May, 1942, and May, 1943, the level of rents was actually reduced by 1.7%. And rents constitute about 20% of the average wage earner's budget. Clothing prices during the same period rose only 1.3%, despite the fact that during the previous year they had gone up 23%.

But we are not out of the woods yet. The extra dollars that are in the pay envelopes, the banks, and the people's pockets are dangerous dollars if they are used to bid against one another for the essentials of life. If we divert them into taxes and war bonds, they will hasten victory and help cushion the economic shift from war to peace.

If we dedicate ourselves to paper-profit grabbing and fat salaries, we will have betrayed the cause for which our boys fight and die. One way to prevent such a calamity is to accept willingly the hardships and restrictions total war requires. Bear that in mind the next time you think you ought to have more money for the job you are doing.

Open Letter to Us

By ALFREDO MALATESTA

The intensification of the Protestant propaganda in our country, which operates today under the inspiration of the Protestant sects of the U. S. and is being managed and conducted by North American Protestant agents and with the economical support of Protestant North American organizations, is a matter of deep concern to all Peruvian Catholics, i. e., to over 90% of our total population, and very specially to the members of the Order of the Caballeros de Colón del Peru, an organization which by the same methods as the Order of the Knights of Columbus, adapted to our own conditions and requirements, pursues the same objectives.

In my position as *Caballero Supremo* of the above-mentioned Order, and by instructions of our Supreme Council, I dare to ask that an end be put to this inconvenient and troublesome sectarian propaganda. It will be useful to point out several outstanding facts:

1. All the Protestant propaganda in Peru is essentially anti-Catholic propaganda. No Protestant missionary or agent has ever converted a single one of the few remaining savages in the wilderness of the Amazonian jungle, the only non-Christians to be found in Peru.

2. All the Protestant propaganda is being carried on in our cities, towns and villages, where the Christian faith

was preached for the first time over 400 years ago, and has since been preached. Protestant missionaries direct all their efforts to attract to their errors members of the Catholic Church. As we have, unfortunately, very few priests (only one for every 10,000 Catholics), there are many of the poorer districts in the mountains, or *sierra* of Peru that have to live without a permanent parish priest, some of them having to go without even the visit of a priest for a period of several years. Under these conditions it is not difficult for a Protestant agent to win over some of the more uncultured mestizos and to establish among them a pretense of Presbyterian, Methodist, Pentecostalian, Seventh Day Adventist, etc., etc., congregation, whose sole aim is to criticize and even fight by deed against the Catholic Church.

3. We are fortunate in having religious unity as our strongest bond of unity. Religious unity lies deep in the roots of our nationalism. Anything tending to break our religious unity is an attempt against our nationalism. No wonder that we deeply resent, as maneuvers against the maintenance of our independence and our sovereignty, any foreign interference, propagating religious doctrines different from our own Catholic doctrines. It is far from being a question of xenophobia. We would very much appreciate an increase in the number of foreign Cath-

olic priests and missionaries, specially North Americans, to make up for our tremendous poverty of national clergy.

4. All efforts to strengthen continental solidarity are hampered by the action of Protestant churches of the U. S. in South America.

5. It is not a question of freedom of worship. By freedom of worship, in countries like our own, where practically all the nationals have one faith and one Church, we understand the freedom of the minority (99% of it foreign) to worship as they see fit, freely, behind the doors and under the roof of their own religious buildings, but never freedom to develop campaigns against our own faith, our own priests, and our own Church, in squares, in streets, by public printed propaganda, or by radio. Foreigners enjoy full liberty to worship God as they like, but no liberty to attack our

own beliefs. It is a striking fact that while British Protestants in Peru, who enjoy full freedom of worship and celebrate their own religious services in their Anglican or Unionist churches, do not even attempt to make any propaganda at all, we see a yearly increase in the attempts of the Protestant sects of the U. S. to send to our shores more and more agents with the mission of preaching their errors by radio, the press, and in the public squares.

We have previously stated the situation clearly to the North American representatives in our country, and to the officials of the office of the Pan-American coordinator. We regret to declare that we have not been understood and that nothing has been done to hamper the activities of the Protestant North American agents, who are really dis Coordinating what we are all anxious and willing to coordinate.



Bang! Bang!

Modern conditions of living encourage habitual distraction and, though there are still opportunities for comparative quiet, most people feel they are not really alive unless they are in close touch with their fellow men, and close touch involves constant disturbance. Hart Crane, a leading American poet of the 1920's, decided that he could not write his best except with a radio or victrola playing jazz at him and street noises coming up through the open window. He considered that distraction was the chief principle of modern living; he cultivated it, distractedly, and committed suicide in his early 30's.

From *The Reader Over Your Shoulder* by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge (Macmillan, 1943).

Communists and the Negro

By FRANK R. CROSSWAITH

Rule or ruin

Condensed from the *Interracial Review**

Frank R. Crosswaith, well-known writer, editor, and lecturer, has devoted his life to the cause of organized labor. In 1923 he founded the Trade Union Committee for organizing Negro workers. He is general organizer of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which has a membership of over 400,000, of whom 12,000 are Negroes. He is also a member of the New York City Housing Authority.

As a Negro with more than a quarter of a century of uninterrupted activity within the American labor movement, I am able to speak with a measure of knowledge upon some questions affecting the Negro and labor. My experience began in 1914 when I became a member of the Elevator Operators' Union. At that time, running elevators was among the most accessible jobs for a Negro. Any one who couldn't find a job as a porter or dishwasher had the alternative of becoming an elevator operator.

There was then existing a very weak union of elevator operators whose membership was confined largely to white workers employed in the large office buildings, hotels, and some municipal buildings. The antagonism between the small group of organized white operators and the much larger group of unorganized Negro operators was intense and bitter. Among Negroes a union was looked upon as something to be opposed. This hostile attitude was the result not only of the

inability of the Negro to enjoy industrial opportunities by securing employment wherever vacancies might occur, but it was also the result of the anti-union propaganda emanating from social agencies serving Negroes, organizations whose financial support came largely from rich "open-shop" philanthropists and powerful industrialists.

One of the earliest impressions I gained, as I became a part of organized labor, was the degree of unity which manifested itself whenever the cloud of common danger hung above the labor movement. In those days, units of the American Federation of Labor, the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), and the independent unions, would sink their surface differences immediately whenever any question arose that affected adversely the workers of the nation, whether in the industrial, political, or any other field. Whenever some substantial group of workers in any industry sought to organize, they could always count upon the moral and financial support of all labor groups regardless of labels.

However, with the spawning of the communist movement this deep-rooted custom within the labor movement underwent an immediate change. Upon their advent into the American labor movement the communists brought with them the spurious notion

*20 Vesey St., New York City, 7. November, 1943.

that all types of social disorder make for social progress. With their feet planted solidly upon this *terra firma* of false theory, they felt it their bounden duty to create disorder and confusion where none had existed. A study of the history of the communist movement, in this and other countries not wholly under their control, will show that they always directed their bitterest attack, and concentrated their greatest fire, upon those labor organizations and leaders that were the most progressive and had secured the greatest gains for their members. My experience has convinced me that no force in American life has brought about more confusion, suspicion, and disruption within the organized-labor movement than have the communists.

From the first the communists emblazoned upon their so-called revolutionary banner such interesting slogans as "Away With Immediate Demands, Forward to the Barricades," and "Remove God From the Skies and Capitalism From the Earth." That first slogan truly reflected their oft-demonstrated lack of faith in the principles of democracy and their unwillingness to rely upon education and organization as the means of progress. Their second slogan symbolized their utter contempt for the spiritual institutions and ideas which have exercised more constructive influence upon the human race than perhaps any other force or combination of forces. It is needless to point out here that the slogans and activities of the communists were welcomed by the reactionaries, the anti-

labor elements, and others opposed to progress and change.

As the apostles of confusion and chaos, it is among Negroes that communists have literally worked overtime, but here they have made their smallest progress in relation to the time, effort, and resources expended. Their record of activity among Negroes runs all the way from the celebrated case of the Scottsboro boys, the case of Angelo Herndon, the once-promising National Negro Congress, the March on Washington movement, down to the recent disorders in Detroit and Harlem. In every such instance the communists seek not so much to help the Negro as to utilize his plight as a means of advancing communism.

Following the Civil War, and the consequent emancipation of the slaves, a group of northern whites, carpetbaggers, went into the South and began to exploit the freed Negroes. They left in their wake such evils as the Night Riders, the Ku Klux Klan, and others which have haunted succeeding generations of Negroes in America. The communists could well be called the modern carpetbaggers, and like their predecessors will probably be equally effective in preventing a better understanding between Negro and white Americans.

Every Negro with talents and ability is being singled out by the communists for capitulation. The bait employed includes promised financial support, publicity, intermarriage, self-determination in the Black Belt, and so on. Established Negro leaders and organizations

are not overlooked. In each instance, those who resist the communist program are immediately denounced, and all the vicious epithets so handy in communist circles are promptly hurled at them. Nevertheless, the Negro masses refuse to be intimidated, and the reliable and outstanding Negro leaders are courageously rejecting the idea of becoming American tails to the communist kite.

But these failures have not totally discouraged the communists, for they have held back a few tricks. The trick they are now concentrating upon is deception. The communists are undoubtedly of the same conviction as Hitler, who said, "To deceive people, tell a big lie rather than a small one."

Having failed to win any worthwhile following among American people as a party in the political field, the communists have decided to enroll as members of the American Labor Party. By abandonment of all the principles that regulate the democratic relationship of decent and civilized persons with differing views, they hope to capture what was generally conceded to be one of the most promising expressions of American labor in the field of politics. Upon their disguised entrance into the ranks of the A. L. P. they have promptly embarked upon a campaign of slander and vilification directed against everyone in the party who does not accept the communist line. By so doing, they create confusion and weaken the party; then they hope to capture and control what is left of it. Their success in this action has discour-

aged the politically-minded sections of organized labor as well as the liberal and progressive forces in society. Thus they have created a fertile field in which to sow again the creed that social disorder is the only road to genuine social progress.

Since the announcement in Russia of the dissolution of the Comintern, or Third International, communists and communist organizations have shown unseemly haste to disguise themselves, hoping thereby to fool the people into accepting them for what they are not. Illustrative of this new strategy is the recent special convention of what is no longer the Young Communist League but a "non-partisan organization of anti-fascists" concerned with a "second front" and with "effective prosecution of the war." In this respect the tactics of the Young Communist League are symbolic of the tactics which communists are employing everywhere.

Before Russia was attacked by Hitler, the communists in America were denouncing as "warmongers" and "servants of Wall St.," President Roosevelt and every other American who favored support of Britain, France, and Poland in their struggle against nazism. Communists were opposed to lend-lease and conscription. They picketed the White House as a protest against America's concern for the defeat of Hitler. From every street corner they gathered signatures under the slogan, "The Yanks Are Not Coming." In Harlem and elsewhere they made use of every grievance of the Negro as a means of arousing his opposition to

the war against Hitler and his totalitarian colleagues in crime. Where no actual grievance existed among Negroes, the communists would magnify relatively unimportant incidents or create artificial ones.

Since the attack upon Russia the communists have changed that line. That attack has now enabled them to endorse the war, even though many of them leave no stone unturned to evade conscription, and to proclaim to all the world that they are the only living direct descendants of the American Revolution of 1776 and that they are the only true believers in the principles of democracy. They have also agreed to "go easy" on the Negro issue,

although without the concurrence of many Negro and white communists. From the slogan "The Yanks Are Not Coming," they have now shifted to a persistent and clamorous demand for a second front.

To the average man of normal intellect with an ordinary sense of observation, the American communists can be described literally as having their feet in America and their heads in Russia. As long as they continue to occupy this unrealistic posture, they will remain the outstanding force of destruction and confusion they have thus far been in the American labor movement, and will continue to hamper the progress of the Negro toward ultimate equality.



The Balkan Maze

A new Hungarian ambassador presented his credentials to the President of a South American state.

"What country do you represent?" asked the President.

"The Kingdom of Hungary."

"Oh, so you have a king?"

"No, we are ruled by Admiral Horthy."

"An admiral? So you have a fleet?"

"No. We have no fleet."

"I see. And is your country neutral?"

"No, Your Excellency. We are at war with Russia."

"I see. Why, may I ask?"

"Because, Your Excellency, we want Transylvania."

"Oh. And Russia has Transylvania?"

"No, Rumania has Transylvania."

"So, then, you are at war with Rumania, too?"

"No, Your Excellency, Rumania is our ally."

The President picked up his telephone. His expression was set, his voice tense. "Get me the lunatic asylum."

The Evening Standard quoted in the *Catholic Ladies' Journal* (3 Nov. '43).

All-American High Octane

By ORLANDO ALOYSIUS BATTISTA

50 miles to the gallon

A little more than 20 years ago the best automobile that money could buy coughed and rattled along the highway because its high-powered engine was much too good for the kind of gasoline that was then being produced. Automotive manufacturers became concerned over the noisy performance of their promising high-compression engines, and General Motors was the first corporation to tackle the problem.

Charles F. Kettering and Thomas E. Midgley, Jr., were the two major scientists charged with the responsibility of getting to the bottom of the annoyance and they started by tracking down the causes of "engine knock." Although their problem did not look very difficult when they began their research, its solution eventually entailed the expenditure of several millions of dollars and the performance of many thousands of laboratory experiments. As a result, however, engine knock has been practically eliminated from the American automobile because more than three-fourths of all the gasoline sold in the U. S. today is of the "ethyl," or "anti-knock," variety.

The invention of ethyl gasoline is of great importance not only because it helped to solve the problems associated with engine knocking, but also because it marked the beginning of a new branch of petroleum research which was designed to produce new superfuels to parallel the rapid im-

provements in the construction of more and more powerful high-compression engines. Research chemists were challenged to develop better fuels as fast as engineers could build better engines, and out of this contest has come the high-octane gasolines.

High-octane gasoline actually got its start in the laboratories of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, sometime after its formation to market Midgley's famous ethyl fluid, which was the optimum combination of lead tetraethyl and ethylene dibromide that took the "ping" out of automobile engines. Oil technologists working in these laboratories found that when crude petroleum was separated into several different fractions, some of these fractions would produce considerably less engine knock than others. After making a thorough study of these petroleum fractions they found that one of the fractions, normal heptane, would produce engine knock under almost all possible conditions; whereas another fraction, a very rare pure hydrocarbon known as isooctane, would not give rise to engine knocking even in the best high-compression engines.

It was this finding that led to the establishment of the octane system of rating gasoline, and a yardstick was set up to evaluate gasolines according to their "octane ratings" very much as a thermometer serves as a yardstick to define different temperatures. Normal

heptane, which was the poorest of the fractions, was given an octane rating of 0 and placed at the bottom of the scale, whereas isooctane occupied the top of the scale with an octane rating of 100. On the basis of this calibrating scale, regular gasoline showed up with an octane rating of a little more than 70 and premium gasoline ranged up around 80.

Some of the first large-scale experiments with 100-octane fuels were carried out by the U. S. Army as far back as 1934, and the results of the field tests were most encouraging. However, up to just a few years ago 100-octane gasoline, or isooctane, was a rare chemical which could not be purchased for less than \$32 a gallon. Once the value of the superfuel was established, American scientists were called on by the dozen to find some process whereby its cost could be reduced sufficiently to make it practical for commercial use.

The French petroleum scientist, Eugene Houdry, had shown, back in 1930, that the molecular structure of gasoline could be permanently altered so it would correspond more closely to the known high-octane petroleum fractions by passing the vaporized gasoline through towers of fuller's earth. Universal Oil Products Company pioneered a so-called "alkylation" process for the manufacture of the same type of petroleum fractions. Then chemists investigated the use of cracking processes, whereby great heat and tremendous pressures are used to split the large clumsy molecules of crude petro-

leum into the smaller and more symmetrical molecules of high-octane gasoline.

Out of these many years of industrial research has come our present-day production of high-octane gasolines, which has in a matter of months increased from test-tube lots to tank-car lots. The actual production figures are, of course, a military secret, but it has been officially stated that we are now making so much high-octane gasoline for our bombers and fighters that the production figures would have been considered fantastic just *two* years ago by the most optimistic in the petroleum industry. And that is not all! The 100-octane rating has already been outmoded as the top of the scale, for I have seen laboratory samples of new superfuels whose octane ratings have exceeded 150.

For the duration of the war, and perhaps even more so after victory, high-octane gasolines will help our planes take off and ascend faster, travel at greater speeds, carry heavier loads, and fly longer distances without stopping to refuel. They are the superfuels that have come from American laboratories which are giving the air and ground combat vehicles of the United Nations the edge in performance over anything the enemy can produce. And tomorrow these same petroleum concentrates will supply the power for America's fleets of air passenger liners, cargo planes, privately owned aircraft and helicopters, as well as millions of automobiles with new engines designed to give 50 miles to the gallon.

The Pope at the Peace Table

By JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.

Otherwise, calamity No. 2

Condensed from the column*

When we Catholics suggest that the Holy Father be invited to attend the next peace conference, or complain because Pope Benedict XV was purposely and deliberately ruled out of Versailles, the usual reply of those who will not have the Pope is that, if you give the Catholic Church an inch, she will take an ell; that she is like the camel that, permitted to put its nose inside the tent, ends by crowding everyone else out.

To give but one instance of this dread of the power of the Pope and the Church: in the *Letters of Franklin K. Lane* we read that Woodrow Wilson at Versailles admitted that "theoretically German Austria should go to Germany, as all were of one language and one race, but this would mean the establishment of a great central Roman Catholic nation which would be under the control of the papacy and it would be particularly objectionable to Italy."

Also at London, before Versailles, Baron Sonnino, speaking for Italy, had persuaded those who prepared the protocol, that is, the program to be followed at Versailles, to insert a clause expressly excluding the Pope.

When will the world at large come to realize that when we suggest that the Pope be permitted his say in a peace conference we do not seek his personal aggrandizement or that of the Church?

The Pope has prestige enough, and it may be increased more if he is not admitted than if he is admitted to a conference which may be, like the last one, a failure.

Nor do we think we Catholics enjoy a monopoly of religion. It would delight us if other representatives of the moral and religious forces were to be invited to sit down with the generals and the diplomats. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Patriarchs of Jerusalem (Latin and Greek), the Patriarchs of Istanbul and Moscow, the presiding officers of the Federal Council of Churches in America and of the Non-conformist Churches in England, a delegate from the Quakers and the Salvation Army—all might be requested to lend weight to the Christian influence in the next conference; and there could be no valid excuse for not inviting one or more Jewish representatives. The ideal might be that the nations pay tithes to the Church. That is to say, that one-tenth of those who sit at table to plan the rebuilding of the world should represent religion.

What we really aim at, however, is that Christ our Saviour should not be locked out, as He was last time, with disastrous results. One fact is certain: you cannot re-create the world without the power of God. The Greek philosopher Plato said 2,300 years ago: "If

*Sursum Corda. NCWC. 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C. Dec. 4, 1943.

God presides not over the establishment of a state, if it have only a human foundation, it cannot escape calamity."

Long before Plato, King David had said: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," and in New Testament times the Rabbi Gamaliel laid down the principle "if this work or this counsel be of man, it will come to naught; if it be of God, you cannot destroy it."

That is the kind of doctrine we wish to hear at the next peace conference. And that is why we would like to insist that the Pope be invited. The Pope says with John the Baptist, "I must decrease, He must increase," and with St. Paul that it matters not whether he himself be loved, but that his one care is that Christ be found in the hearts of the people.

Pope Leo XIII, almost 50 years ago, said, "The greatest of all misfortunes is never to have known Jesus Christ; the greatest of all crimes is, once having known Him, to abandon Him."

The failure of the Versailles Treaty is due not to the fact that it had not

"teeth" in it; not even to the fact that much of it was written insincerely, since the framers knew its provisions to be impossible. It failed because God and Jesus Christ were not permitted to have part in it.

If our Saviour sits at the next conference, we shall hear the words of His answer to Peter: "How often shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him; seven times?" "I say not to thee, till seven times; but till 70 times seven times." And again, "Blessed are the merciful." And again, "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again." And again, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

We need not go further. We should have to write the whole Gospel. But we Catholics should find some way of getting our message to the rulers of states: we ask that the Pope be invited not for the Pope's sake or for the increase of the power of the Church, but in order to let God, in the Person of Christ, have His say about how the broken world shall be reconstructed.

Say What You Mean

We must restore the purity of our language, drive out the lies from it, call things by their right names. If a man says to us that he approves of divorce, we must ask him what he means by marriage. If he means the sacrament of Matrimony, he can no more be divorced than he can be de-baptized. He can no more make his wife not his wife than he can make his mother not his mother. But if by marriage he means something other than Matrimony, then let him go his way; but let him call his way what it is. Let him not speak the Christian words while refusing the Christian sword, which so often takes the form of a cross.

Joseph A. Breig in the *St. Anthony Messenger* (Dec. '43).

Gallup Poll in a Hobo Jungle

By BEN JOE LABRAY

Who's crazy?

Condensed from the *Catholic Worker**

One day last week I was puttering around in a jungle with two other fellows whom we shall call Blackie and Slim. I still had some money from my brewery job and Blackie was flush with some harvest money. We bought vittles and invited Slim to share them with us. Slim needed good hot food. He was complaining of stomach trouble, saying he had been eating too many "nosebags." This means that instead of inviting him to eat a hot meal, people gave Slim a bag containing sandwiches, cake, etc. Slim blamed this on the war and rationing.

What would have been a pleasant day for us three campers was spoiled by the visit of a psychiatrist. He was clean and delicate but he had that silly probing look which puts you in an uneasy position and is intended also to give the impression that you shouldn't lie, because this guy could see what was going on inside of your mind. When he strolled in, he contributed money, and we gave him a lesson in outdoor cooking. We had a whole lard can of coffee, some bacon butts, and eggs, and finished off with "toppins" (buns) from Slim's nosebag.

Psychy was all right at first but later became a nuisance. He stared from one to the other of us and tried to be subtle and sneak out questions. I remember how the communists would start to

talk about the weather and then lead gently up to Marxism. Well, Psychy would pull them like that, too. He was telling Blackie about the way his father (Psychy's) worked hard to send him to school. He talked a little more of his father and, the first thing you knew, he was drawing out the history of Blackie's father, his traits, occupation, and a million other things. Blackie kept winking at me to denote his lying like the devil. Poor Psychy had Blackie all "typed" and was writing like mad to get the phony answers down.

Slim resented the presence of Psychy and either avoided answering questions or offered obvious lies in retort. When Psychy asked Slim where he was born, Slim told him Toledo, and qualified this by saying, "I wanted to be near my mother." This caused Psychy to lay off for a while, but he followed Slim around with his eyes and this annoyed him no end. Blackie, however, was enjoying himself and encouraged Psychy. This made the mind-reader very happy and he was scribbling like mad, writing his "case."

Slim's resentment at Psychy's presence increased and he, too, turned the tables and started to question him. Slim insisted that the Psychys as a class were the real screwy ones and he claimed they really missed the boat in this war. Slim said, "I ain't got no figures,

*115 Mott St., New York City, 13. December, 1943.

but as I gather it, you guys haven't stopped one nut from getting into the Army, except the ones who wanted you to believe they were nuts." He further insisted that the Psychys did great harm in that they started on the premise that everybody was "nuts" and that when people were once exposed to treatment they felt forever afterward they were in a certain "class" and always worried about their mental state.

Psychy, failing to find comfort in his talks with Slim and myself, concentrated on Blackie. He began to give out heavily with a disguised Freudianism and got on to Blackie's dreams. Blackie told how, when he got hungry, he had troublesome sleeps and big platters of ham and eggs paraded before his eyes singing, "You can't catch me." Even Blackie was getting too obvious in his trick answers and Psychy figured at long last he was getting a ribbing and got ready to go.

We finally got rid of Psychy and all three of us expressed the idea that it would be fun to get hold of his notes and see how we were typed. Blackie figured he did a kindly thing by humoring the man along and chided

Slim about being so self-conscious. He said to Slim, "If you take those guys seriously you *will* go wacky. They are all right for the rich dames; they gotta have something to worry about and, since they haven't got normal worries like kids, security, and food, they must find something else to worry about."

Now I have a lot of things to think about. Maybe I'm nuts. The mind reader associated everything I did or said with some line of mental unbalance. He worried about my interest in the things of God. Is that abnormal? He had long commentaries about my continuous traveling, my dislike for industry, my social theories, and a host of other things. Peter Maurin would throw a Psychy for a loop, and I would like to see one of them try and get a question across on Peter and watch the reaction when Peter began to spout *Easy Essays*, especially the one about everyone being crazy in their own crazy way.

So you see the state we are in. Please pray that we keep from becoming "normal" and good conformists and have the spiritual stamina to persist in our work.



Affront for Communists

Lend Lease has announced that we have shipped enough material to North Africa to provide 600,000 diapers.

We are in favor of Lend Lease, but we think they ought to go easy. Some consideration should be given to the domestic needs of the American Youth for Democracy.

The Wage Earner (17 Dec. '43).

Bill Jack Bats Them Out

By WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.

Time to take off stuffed shirt

Condensed from *Crown Heights Comment**

Last week I sauntered over to the Hotel New Yorker to hear Bill Jack, the little dynamo of Jack & Heintz, Cleveland, talk to the delegates of the American Management Association assembled in convention. He preached a better sermon than any priest could have done. He has a simple sincerity and a direct appeal that warms the hearts of the impartial advocate of the cause of the working people, while it causes the "rugged individualist" to sizzle in his seat like a frankfurter on a hot plate. The question period proved provocative.

I did not take any notes but I feel sure Mr. Jack will not object if I try to quote him from memory.

He was asked, "Who are the stockholders in your company and would your plan of cooperation work if you had to distribute dividends to a large number of stockholders?"

Answer: "I hold 50% of the stock; my son 25%; and Ralph Heintz, my partner, the other 25%, and that is the way it is going to be. Our associates (there aren't any employees at Jack & Heintz, everyone is an 'associate') are given a good wage with the chance to augment it by overtime and bonuses. Management is very well paid and the corps is small for purposes of efficiency. The salary I get means nothing to me. I don't need it, I can't spend it and I

have to give it away anyway. If any company puts in a program of human relations like ours the stockholders will make more money than they had ever made in their lives."

The principle is "forget about profits and do the job!" Contented, enthusiastic, cooperative workers getting out the maximum of production is the thing to count upon. It will be found that profits take care of themselves when the human relations are right.

In his speech Bill Jack hit upon the same idea from a different angle. "It is about time management learns a lesson," he said. "You fellows spend great sums of money for your buildings, you hire the best possible engineering talent to devise equipment, you buy only the best in machinery. You spend hours and hours of time in planning the material setup for your plants. When you begin to give the same time and attention to the problem of a humane program for your employees, and dispense some money on it, you will begin to resolve the conflict between management and labor. I know. I worked my way up from the ranks. I know what the men and women are thinking and how they feel. Treat them as human beings, as associates, and you will break down the fear and hostility that you yourselves have created by that stupid, cold, impersonal management ap-

*1150 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Nov. 23, 1943.

proach of the past. Fear of the boss, the president, the foreman — that's your worst enemy. Let them know that you trust them, that you don't think you are any different from themselves, give them a chance to have confidence in you and then let them do their part by self-discipline in each department and you'll see that you won't lose by it. We don't need any F. B. I. agents in our plants. The men and women realize their responsibility. If a plane cracks up over North Africa, they know that the cause of it goes back to the people who produced it. They have sons and sweethearts and fathers flying those planes and they are not going to sabotage their own flesh and blood. When a new fellow comes to work for us everybody pitches in and helps to show him the ropes. If he turns out to be untrustworthy, the men at the benches are the ones who will know it first and the union will ask that he be fired. How can you lose money when everyone in the place is working on the slogan, 'One for all and all for one'?"

He was then asked, "Is your plant unionized?"

Answer: "I maintain that the union is an asset. We have a 100% contract with the Machinists' Union. After 30 days every new employee must join the union." This from a man who had undergone the bitter experience of seeing his plant picketed by the very Machinists' Union that he himself had organized in previous years when he was a worker himself.

The next question was: "How can a company put your ideas across unless

it has a personality like Bill Jack to direct it?"

That was supposed to be a stunner. Bill Jack flattened it out like an inner tube with a spike in it.

"Let me tell you," he replied curtly, "that I am just an ordinary kind of human being. I have lived on both sides of the railroad tracks and let me tell you that you have 100 Bill Jacks right in your own plants today if you only had sense enough to seek them out and make use of them."

That is the best argument I have ever heard for the thesis that all the brains are not in the front office. The proof that management can be pretty dumb rests right in the fact that they refuse to recognize the brain power that goes awasting among the workers in the shop.

On the program with Jack was Lieut. Col. J. H. White, the director of industrial relations at the Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, N. J. He brought out the fact that in his plant suggestions from employees had saved \$1,250,000 in a year, and the adoption of those suggestions by other Ordnance Department plants had resulted in a saving of \$30 million.

When will management and the industrialists take off those stuffed shirts and stop talking about the terrible evils of the labor unions and really get down to fundamentals? Industrial relations are essentially human relations. The recognition of the full capabilities of the human beings on both sides of the table is the first step toward harmonious and orderly procedures.

The pay-off of the session at the New

Yorker came with one of the last questions asked. It left the delegates of the conference (about 700 representatives) gasping for breath. Jack & Heintz has promised to keep all its employees and its men in the service employed after the war on a 40-hour week. He was challenged: "How can you guarantee such a statement when you do not know what will be the state of industry, taxes, etc., after the war?"

Little Bill Jack just took a good deep breath and smiled. "We have told our associates," he said, "that we would not let them down after the war. The whole basis of our industrial relations rests on the fact that when we give our word we keep it, and the men and women know it. We told them plainly that we will maintain production to the utmost of our ability, and if we go broke, we will all go broke together."

Now, that is the American way. That is the spirit that made the America of pioneer days and that is the spirit that will make the America of the future.

One grows weary of listening to people with millions of dollars stored away talking about the risks of capital. Why shouldn't they share the dangers of insecurity with the millions and millions of propertyless wage earners who are risking their lives on the turn of the economic wheel? Has excess wealth a greater right to security than the very lives of the workers? The possessors of surplus wealth have not the right of absolute dominion over their riches. They have an obligation to put it to use, to turn their accumulated dividends to the advantage of the common good. There is no better way of putting that obligation to work than by uniting it with the human efforts of the working people in the production of the necessities of life. The chances are 100 to one that Bill Jack, with his spontaneous burst of generosity, will so inspire his associates that, if corporations go broke under stress of postwar conditions, his company will be one of the last to do so.



Page That Prophet

I have often wondered if Margaret Sanger and her tribe realize that they are being defended by millions of sailors, soldiers and marines, the greater part of whom would never have been born if her teaching had been followed.

I read an article about some woman in Chicago who had 11 children in the armed forces. She was voted "Outstanding Mother" and a lot of other silly titles because she had so many children in the Army. If there were no war, the author would probably be saying, "No woman should be allowed to have that many children."

Quoted from a soldier's letter by Don Capellano in the *Labor Leader* (20 Dec. '43).

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Incident in an Office

By EDDIE DOHERTY

Condensed from the *Torch**

What color is love

Sometimes a writer lives a better story than he writes. Sometimes a storyteller deliberately withholds from his public a story better than any he offers. This is dramatically true in the case of Elizabeth Laura Adams, the author of *Dark Symphony*,† one of the Catholic best sellers.

Miss Adams, in her book, told many incidents out of her life that stirred her readers with emotions ranging from anger to despair. She wrote lines that made white men and women ashamed of themselves. But there was one story that might have made them grovel because of their pride of race. That story she didn't tell.

I saw Miss Adams and her mother several times on a recent visit to Los Angeles. I talked to them for hours. But the story I am trying to tell here I learned after some investigation of my own.

The Adamses live in a little flat in South Mariposa Avenue. Their living room is as beautiful as any you or I will ever see, for Mrs. Adams has hung her paintings on every wall. Mrs. Adams is a gracious woman, gifted talker, and extremely good cook. She can discuss the deepest philosophical ideas or the latest wrinkle in political economy, and at the same time express anxiety as to the temperature of your tea.

†Sheed & Ward, N. Y. 1942. 194 pp. \$2.50.

Elizabeth is beautiful and gracious, too. She is tall and stately, and delightfully direct in everything she says. A challenging personality, a delightful mind, an amazing character is constantly revealing itself through her words and gestures, through her level eyes.

She admits she is writing another book. She talks of her work, or of your work. She talks of books and plays and newspapers. She talks of Negroes in general, and of the Negro apostolate. She talks of God. She talks of everything except Elizabeth Laura Adams. When you ask questions about that young woman, she deflects them with a laugh or a shrug.

Elizabeth will not thank me for telling this story about her. I am sorry, but the story may do some good for many Negro girls who work with their white sisters in busy offices. That's worth embarrassing Elizabeth for; worth risking the loss of her esteem. Moreover, it reflects still greater credit on the mother who taught her how to live by Christian principles.

There was, in a downtown office in Los Angeles, a white girl who had been brought up with the idea that the Negro was to be tolerated only so long as he "knew his place" and kept it. She would have told you, hotly, that she had as much regard for the Negro as

* 141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. December, 1943.

any of the "holier than thous" who go in for treating colored persons as though they were as good as whites.

If you pressed her she would have admitted, though perhaps reluctantly, that they were made of the same flesh and blood, bone and hair as any other human beings, yet she would have insisted they were created on a lower plane, that they were, in a way, lesser animals, and that they got "uppity" if one pampered them. She would have confessed that she began to detest the race only since she had seen that in some cities they were not forced to keep their place; that they could live in districts that were not segregated, take any vacant seat in a street car, vote, and send their children to any public school, no matter how many white children might be "contaminated" by their presence.

To say she was vain, silly, ignorant, shallow and insufferably cruel would be an exaggeration. Any Negro girl will tell you that many a white woman is vain, silly, ignorant, shallow, cruel, or at least—or best—patronizing, in even the most casual of her dealings with Negro women. This particular girl, however, stood out from other white women, either because of some forthright and honest quality in her hatred, or because of some quixotic belief in her own inherent superiority: and hence her duty to put Elizabeth in her place.

Elizabeth had worked in this office several months. The white girl, Tessie, was shocked to find her there when she reported for duty. She was introduced

more or less informally. But she didn't acknowledge the introduction. Where Tessie came from one does not introduce nice young white ladies to Negroes nor does one refer to Negro women as Miss or Mrs.

Elizabeth was an old story to the other girls in the office. That is, they had recovered from their first feelings about her. They had discovered, some with astonishment, that she was pleasant, highly efficient, considerate of others, and more than willing to do all the work they could shift onto her. They had learned to consider her a more or less necessary part of the office. They did not give her their confidences, but neither did they snub nor slight her. They were somewhat diffident in her presence. But they never were unkind.

Tessie thought these girls were a lot of lily-livered hypocrites. From the very first she set out to show them how a colored girl should be treated. "Oh," she said, when she was introduced, "you're the errand girl, I take it. I have some pencils you can sharpen."

She turned abruptly away and walked to her desk. If she were surprised that none of the other girls came over to congratulate her on this treatment of Elizabeth, she kept it to herself. After all, these girls were a crew of "crackers" at heart. Otherwise they would have gone on strike when it was suggested that a Negro be allowed to work among them.

Elizabeth avoided Tessie all morning, perhaps because she had her own work to do and was absorbed in it, or

because she had become hardened to the arrogance of white people, or because she had forgotten and forgiven the insult. Elizabeth was the most capable stenographer in that office, the most in demand, the busiest. Perhaps she felt that when Tessie learned this she would feel ashamed and attempt some sort of apology.

Tessie did, of course, learn that Elizabeth was nobody she could order around. No doubt that fact fed her hatred with new fuel. At noon she rose from her desk, fluffed her lovely hair, and looked out at the gray sky. Slowly she turned toward Elizabeth, who had pulled the last letter out of her typewriter.

"You," Tessie called. Her voice was sweet but sharp. "You, Adams."

Elizabeth slipped an envelope into the machine, and looked up.

"You, I said. Didn't you hear me? Fetch me my wrap!"

Every girl in the office paused in whatever she was doing. They looked first at the white girl, and then at Elizabeth. I don't know exactly how Elizabeth felt. But, knowing just a little about her, I suspect that a flaming anger seized hold of her tall strong body. I believe that, for a moment or two, she hated the white newcomer so much she could have leaped upon her and choked her to death.

And then, I am sure, there flashed in among the thoughts of murder the remembrance of a Man nailed to a cross by those who hated Him, and the echo of His words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Elizabeth Laura Adams may have staggered at this moment. But it is certain she did not fall. Without a word she walked across the room, took down the wrap, and brought it to her white tormentress.

From then on for many weeks, she took with docility and patience all the nagging little persecutions Tessie could think up for her.

The girls in the office who watched this strange duel, pride and malice against charity and meekness, began to see how noble the colored girl was, how truly magnificent. They began to wonder, too, about the Catholic Church, which could produce such a woman. And they began to side with her against her adversary. Tessie, after the first few weeks, did not have one friend in the office.

The end of this persecution came abruptly one afternoon. Elizabeth, who had spent her lunch hour in church, returned quietly to the office and went immediately to work. A girl sidled up to her: "More power to you, honey."

Elizabeth didn't know what she meant, but intuitively she coupled the remark with Tessie's hate. She glanced toward Tessie's desk and saw that her enemy was not there.

"You got her crying herself sick in the rest room," the girl said. Something in Elizabeth's face must have puzzled her. "Oh, she ain't really sick. She just claims she is. But she's only stalling. If you ask me, she's just swallowed too much of her own poison. She couldn't break you down, so she went under."

"But maybe she *is* sick," Elizabeth said.

"Then let her be sick, and serve her right. Me, I hope it's something bad she's got, but no such luck."

Elizabeth went on with her work for a time, but she could not concentrate. Maybe Tessie was really sick. And she was all alone. Whatever thoughts went through her head, she stopped hammering the keys, in the middle of a letter, and hurried out to the rest room.

Tessie was lying on a couch. Her eyes were closed. Her body was motionless. Elizabeth knew she was alive only because of the tears that seeped through her long black eyelashes and coursed down across her cheeks.

She put her hand softly on the white girl's brow, and murmured her name. "Tessie, what is it? What's the matter?"

Tessie's eyes opened with a jerk; and for a moment they blazed with Satanic fire. But only for a moment. The fire left them as swiftly as it had come.

"You," was all Tessie said.

"I was afraid you were sick," Elizabeth answered, "but you haven't any fever."

"Of all the people in the world," Tessie said, "it had to be you."

And she was sobbing again, sobbing so terribly that Elizabeth couldn't think of anything else to do except to take her into her arms and comfort her.



Poland Must Live

If the Allies succeed in restoring a free and strong Poland with full access to the sea through ports attached to the Polish state they have won the war. If, through misunderstanding the problem, they accept a peace of any kind, no matter how complete in appearance, which still leaves the fate of Poland undecided, the Allies have quite certainly lost the war.

A free and sufficiently independent Polish state is the condition of civilized western influence in Central Europe. It is the necessary counterbalance to the Prussian spirit, which will endure east of the Elbe even if it be exorcised from the rest of the Germans. The first partition of Poland was the beginning of all our troubles. It put barbarism back into Christendom; it admitted, for the first time in our history, without shame and without reason, the brutal denial of international law and of a Christian nation's right to live.

Hilaire Belloc in the *Weekly Review* (18 Nov. '43).

Poland and the Faith

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Uniformity is not unity

Condensed from the *Wiadomosci Polskie**

We talk of the "partitions" of Poland, but a more correct word would be "eclipses," partial and full. For although the great and greedy nations which now surround Poland interpose themselves between her and the eyes of mankind and pretend that she no longer exists, Poland remains; and the day inevitably comes when the grim shadow is torn away to reveal a nation that has never died. For Poland's proper and most important function in European history is to exist.

This machine age imagines that the problems of human society can be resolved by forcing it into a simple and mechanical mold. But this is not to solve the problem; it is to evade it. Only by pretending that men and nations are pieces that come off the conveyor belt in as many numbers as are required could the imposition of uniformity effect anything. And the life of Poland is one of the proofs that men and nations cannot be so reduced. The force of a dominating nation or group of nations imposing its uniform pattern can, for a time, make life look simpler and easier. But sooner or later the difficulties recur, and always more acutely. It is not too much to say that Europe since the Reformation illustrates increasing chaos under the appearance of uniformity (called progress) imposed by force in the interests

of the strongest. Look where we are!

Poland is a terribly inconvenient country, because, whatever men do, she remains there, a witness to the folly of the strong. She is a guardian of the *life* of man, just as she symbolizes the richness and diversity of God's creation. So long as man wishes to remain a man and so long as men wish to enrich human life and build civilizations, Poland stands as a reminder that these problems cannot be evaded, but must be answered.

If society is to remain human, and not allow itself to be perverted into a mechanism that will continually break down in slaughter and devastation, Poland stands out as a supreme test of the coming peace. Should peace be obtained through a full or partial eclipse of Poland, we shall know for a certainty that the world is preparing for another and even bitterer war within the lifetime of those alive today.

But where is Poland's proper place in the new Europe? What is the solution? These are difficult questions for the simple reason that the great powers have long since ceased to bother about the true good of society. On either side of her there stand great nations taught by what is called progress to put their trust in either nationalism or the internationalism of one particular force-supporting ideology, both basically the

*London, England. Nov. 21, 1943.

same. It is simply a question of whether it pays better to be aggressively nationalist or nationalist in isolation. If the first seems to pay better you call yourself a nazi or a bolshevik; if the second, a German or a Russian. And there may yet be a third variety: something called a sphere of influence—in other words, a temporary compromise between the rival great powers (at the expense of the smaller) while breath is regained and armaments rebuilt for the war to come.

So long as the world is of this diabolical pattern, one can only say again that it is Poland's function to exist, and suffer.

But is there no hope? There is, I think, but only because Poland enjoys the privilege of being a Catholic nation.

There still remains one living and un eclipsed international witness to the truth that peace must be a unity of differences and not a uniformity of force, and that is the Catholic Church, together with many who still cherish the moral and social ideals of Catholicity. (Among the latter I would still put the Anglo-Saxon powers, Britain and America, for, despite the weakening of their Christian inheritance, they will, when it comes to a really clear point, stand firm for right against might.) By "Catholicity," I do not mean so-called Catholic countries as we see them. I do not even mean the body of practicing Catholics, nor the ecclesiastical institution and machinery of the Church. I mean the spiritual and moral ideal of the Church, faithful to her revelation

from God and her commission from Christ, as expressed in the day-to-day life of individual nations and men and women.

A Catholic may or may not be faithful to his Church in spiritual matters; he may or may not express in secular life the spirit of Christ. But at least he possesses within him the potentiality of living as a full Christian. He has but to read into his mind and heart to find out how life ought to be lived. It is very much the same with a nation that can still call itself Catholic. Such a nation by studying its own history and traditions can find out how life ought to be lived, and can live such a life.

The plain truth is that when a nation like Poland finds itself placed at the mercy of sheer force, its one and only hope is to be fully Christian and to fight for the expression of full Christianity in as wide a sphere as possible.

Power politics may stave off disaster for a time, but it is playing with fire. Only the strongest can win that game, and even they only for a time, as Poland's resurrection. But far-fetched as it may seem, there is better hope, even now, for such a nation in exemplifying and promoting the Gospel of right and of love.

Poland does not stand alone. Catholicity is professed from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Would that it were real Catholicity! Poland can help make it so. In Germany and indeed in Russia there are strong seeds of Catholicity and Christianity among the people. Let Poland help to cultivate them. Poland stands between the Christianity

of the West and the Christianity of the East. Let Poland help to enrich them by blending them. Poland can lead in a federation of Christian powers in Middle Europe. Let her seek to do that. In Britain and America, there is still at bottom a Christian ethos. Let Poland, by remaining true to her traditions of Christianity, at least ensure the deep guilt of conscience of any power with pretensions to any Christian heritage which could be tempted to buy a hollow peace and a vain power at the price of betraying a nation that can never die.

If ever a nation needed to be Catholic in the fullest and profoundest sense and by being so to keep alive the flame of the Christian spirit which alone can save Europe, that nation is Poland. To exist and in existing to be a living witness to the truth about God, man, and the world—that, as I see it, is Poland's immediate function in the reconstruction of Europe. Let her achieve this, and her mission will be to take a proud place in the final shaping of a peace that will at length realize Aquinas's meaning: "The tranquillity of order."

The German clergy, both Protestant and Catholic, have shown great courage and tenacity in the struggle for freedom of conscience.

It is undoubtedly the firm organization of the Catholic Church that has thus far saved what is left of German culture and spiritual freedom. It is also Catholicism which is reaping the main advantage of the religious renaissance which has been noticeable throughout Germany. This is chiefly due to the outspoken, daring attitude of many leaders of the Church. For example, copies of anti-nazi sermons delivered by Graf von Galen, the Bishop of Münster, have been passed from hand to hand all over Germany, and the cathedral in Münster has been packed with listeners whenever the Bishop preached. The Gestapo did not dare to interfere. Every morning during the period when Count von Galen's arrest seemed imminent, peasants came into town in their carts and called for the Bishop to show himself at the residence. They wanted to be sure that he was there and not in a concentration camp.

Innumerable legends have been spread about this man. The best known is perhaps that of the nazi party boss who stood up in the church one Sunday and shouted out that those who did not contribute to Germany's fight for existence with their own or their children's flesh and blood should keep silence. The Bishop's retort flashed quickly: "I forbid anyone in this church, whoever it may be, to criticize the Führer!"

From *Behind the Steel Wall* by Arvid Fredborg (Viking Press, 1943).

Vitamins

By MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

Something not to fall for

Condensed from *Hygeia**

What we actually know about vitamins compared with the claims made for them represents the antithesis between a brick and the pyramids. These are the basic claims that may be made for vitamins:

A characteristic disease of the eye results from a deficiency of vitamin A; one of the first signs of its absence is night blindness. Deficiency of vitamin A sometimes results in hyperkeratosis, or thickening of the skin. The evidence offered as a result of a tremendous amount of experimentation did not seem sufficient to the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry to warrant the claim that the giving of vitamin A to drivers of automobiles will diminish accidents from driving at night. Neither does the Council believe that the taking of extra amounts of vitamin A will prevent colds, influenza or other respiratory infections; nor is there any proof that the taking of vitamin A in excess will prevent the formation of kidney stones in man.

Finally, the available evidence does not warrant the belief that vitamin A will help excessive action of the thyroid gland, anemia, degenerative conditions of the nervous system, sunburn or ulcerations of the skin.

The chief vitamin deficiency among Americans seems to be lack of thiamine (vitamin B-1). However, there is

relatively little beriberi in the U. S., the ultimate condition that results from lack of this vitamin. Thiamine is of value in correcting and preventing the loss of appetite that is apparent in many digestive conditions. A patient who gets insufficient thiamine as a result of constant vomiting, tube feeding, paralysis of the muscles associated with swallowing or excess alcoholism, may need extra thiamine given by direct injection. We know that excessive action of the thyroid gland, fever or vigorous muscle activity will use more thiamine than is ordinarily available, and that people need extra thiamine under these circumstances.

The most recently available evidence does not indicate any lack of riboflavin (vitamin G) in considerable numbers of Americans, nor is there any evidence that moderate shortages result in detectable symptoms.

Niacin, another of the B vitamins, is a specific in the treatment of pellagra. When given to such patients there is a disappearance of the symptoms related to the skin, the digestion and the nervous system. But unless the shortage of niacin is established, there seems to be no reason for giving extra niacin in all sorts of conditions related to the skin, the nervous system or the digestion.

Vitamin C is the antiscorvy vitamin, but there are exceedingly few cases of

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, 10, Ill. January, 1944.

scurvy seen in hospitals in the U. S. There are evidences that certain infections of the gums, loss of appetite, anemia, undernutrition, and infections are sometimes observed in patients in whom, according to mathematical laboratory studies, exist shortages of ascorbic acid. It is important to prove the deficiency of vitamin C before overwhelming such patients with ascorbic acid, orange or tomato juice.

Much of the value of vitamin D is as a preventive of rickets. There can be no doubt of its value in the utilization of calcium and phosphorus. Nevertheless, the benefits, if any, to be derived from massive doses of vitamin D in arthritis or psoriasis still remain to be proved.

Vitamin E is the antisterility vitamin—that is, for rats. There is no indication that human beings benefit in the way of increased production by taking extra vitamin E. The claim of special benefit from vitamin E, or tocopherol, in cases of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis has been shown to be without virtue.

Vitamin K, or menadione, is one of the greatest discoveries of medical science. Its use in obstructive jaundice, in

hemorrhagic states associated with certain intestinal diseases and in hemorrhagic conditions in the newborn is accepted by recognized scientific authorities.

The abuse and promotion of vitamins, singly and in combination, are legion. The old-fashioned tonic which depended for its kick on its content of alcohol has been replaced by combinations of vitamins and minerals which depend for their kick on the psychologic stimulation resulting from professional advertising. Many a man in search of vim, vigor, and vitality has found that benefits from such combinations are exceedingly transient. The somewhat caustic views of Westbrook Pegler in this regard speak for all of us. He says, "I have yielded from time to time to insistent urgings that I consume a few vitamins and I will give my own testimony that, contrary to the wheedlings of many earnest high pitchmen, operating from the radio tailboard, they have never made the slightest difference in my energy or pep. They make me feel no worse, but certainly no better."



With Thy Whole Heart

Let those who are to come after us be afraid and read this: and if they don't see what now exists, let them not cast the blame upon the times, for it is always a good age for God to give great favors to those who truly serve Him.

From Saint Teresa of Ávila by William Thomas Walsh (Bruce, 1943).

Miner's Misery

By GEORGE KORSON

Coal is killing men

Condensed from a book*

The coal-mine camp has always been the typical mine village in the bituminous regions. With miners living close to work, the company was assured a constant labor supply. Miners could sleep later and avoid walking so far in working clothes when returning home. While it is no longer compulsory or necessary to live in a coal camp, many mine workers still do so in the nation's largest mining region, the Appalachian. In remote camps, as drab and primitive as early frontier settlements, live a million people.

The typical mining community from 1840 on consisted of a small town from which coal camps radiated in all directions. The camp dweller went to town Saturday nights and on payday nights. Even when he had not a nickel in his pocket, he would walk to town just to indulge his sociability. Lights, sounds, stores, saloons, pool parlors, five-and-tens, the chance of meeting his friends from other camps—these lured him.

In the Appalachian region, most of the camps were secluded in coves and hollows along numerous creeks. However near to each other, these creeks were separated by steep ridges forming a series of hollows. To reach one camp from another it was necessary to cross the mountain or go down to the mouth of one creek and up the next. In some camps, the houses were perched crazily

and dangerously on mountainsides; in others, they huddled along the banks of a creek, or strung along railroad tracks, or straggled close to the camp's only road. Coal camps shared these characteristics in common: isolation, squalor, substandard housing, primitive sanitation, and an impoverished population.

Dominating the landscape was the mine tippie, the building where raw coal was weighed, prepared, and loaded for market. In the vicinity were the headframe (if a shaft mine), the company time office, the boiler house with its tall smokestacks, "wash-and-change" building, repair sheds, washery, and perhaps coke ovens. Close by lay a smoldering bank of mine refuse charging the air with sulphur fumes. From this industrialized scene came smoke, noises, smells, and coal dust. Coal dust was, indeed, everywhere, like sand on a desert.

Here is the typical coal camp: straggling rows of low frame houses in the wilderness. Isolated, it depended upon the company store for its mine supplies, groceries, and other essentials; it was always the center of camp life. Near by were the union hall, a saloon or two and a pool parlor. At the far end of the camp, occupying company ground, stood a plain frame building with a cupola, the nondenominational

*Coal Dust on the Fiddle. 1943. University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 460 pp. \$3.50.

chapel. Near by was the schoolhouse propped on stilts.

Cutting the camp in half was the railroad. Skirting the camp, the creek crawled sluggishly by as if impeded by its burden of waste matter and culmladen mine water. Its banks were littered with discarded rubbish and ashes, its water was yellowish brown, made so by sulphur from the mine.

The village was in the country, but not of it. Grass and flowers were missing, the earth having been blighted by coal dust, smoke, and coke-oven cinders. Sometimes pitiable attempts at vegetable gardening were made by miners from farms who could not suppress their urge to grow things. The streets were unpaved; there were no gutters, walks, or fences around the houses. Dirty chickens, ducks, geese, mud-caked hogs, and cows wandered everywhere. Unwashed children played about.

The miners were segregated according to race and nationality. English-speaking whites usually occupied the best row of houses, newly arrived immigrants were placed in dilapidated shacks in another part called "Hunktown" or "Dago Hill," and Negroes were assigned hovels beneath the dignity of chicken coops.

Houses were small, of two to four rooms; either detached or semi-detached, and generally one-story, of cheap lumber, the walls being clapboard or unplanned planks battened down. Houses were either whitewashed or painted alike with a cheap barn paint, the color lead gray, dull brown, or drab red.

Very few had cellars, being set plumb on the ground or propped on stilts. Damp cold air eddied through holes.

Individual families, whether large or small, occupied the same-sized house. With families characteristically large, room congestion was as serious a problem as in city slums.

Often the inside of a company house had the same rough walls as outside. Leaky roofs, broken windows, and sagging doors were common. Old newspapers and stiff brown paper were nailed to walls to keep out the cold. An open grate supplied the heat; but, even with the addition of a cookstove, it failed. A mine worker paid for his coal like any consumer, and carried it home on his back. For years electricity was available in every camp, but only the bosses' homes were wired; the mine workers burned kerosene lamps. The floors were carpetless and the walls bare. The few sticks of furniture served merely for eating and sleeping; the kitchen might have a couple of chairs and a table, a cookstove, sometimes a sewing machine, and always a wooden or tin washtub where the miners bathed upon coming from the mine. The first furniture used by many newly arrived immigrant families consisted of rough packing cases for tables and empty powder kegs for chairs, while rags or a blanket on the floor served as a bed.

The company houses lacked character and occupants took no pride in them. By the company-house lease he signed he had to waive security of tenure, days of grace before eviction even for proved breach of contract, and an American

citizen's dominion over his own premises. The average lease reflected the company's attitude that its houses were merely shelters for eating and sleeping. A tenant had fewer rights than the occupant of a flophouse.

A company had the right to enter a miner's home at any hour of the day or night without advance notice. Regulations restricting the tenant's social life were enforced, with the right to say whom a tenant could entertain. Some companies reserved the right to eject camp visitors, except the drayman hauling away an evicted family's furniture, the doctor, and undertaker, thus not only isolating the workers from friends and relatives but also against all outside influence.

The coal camp was doomed to stagnation because its people did not have freedom of action. The company owned not only the campsite but the whole surrounding territory, often including the roads out, in many cases treating it in the same manner as the legendary feudal lord his fief. By controlling the election of a sheriff, district attorney, and the county judge, the three principal agencies of the state, it could have its way in all things. Conditions depended upon the policy of the coal company, too often misdirected.

Uniformity of the jerry-built camp was only the outward symbol of the regimentation. No allowance was made for wide differences in character, intelligence, and industry. Not only did a miner's underground life, but what he did after working hours, have to conform to a pattern.

The discipline enforced by many dominant coal corporations was both oppressive and degrading; its chief purpose was to keep the men unorganized. No more debasing device could be imagined than the "yellow-dog contract" which made a man not only abjure the union specifically but in effect forswear his constitutional rights. Many miners chose to starve rather than put their signatures to so humiliating a document; but others did sign, with mental reservations, because of their families.

Operators had no difficulty in isolating workers. The Appalachian hollows were natural fortresses. Where the terrain was flat and open, high board fences and military-like stockades were built to enclose coal camps, with barbed wire, sometimes charged with electricity, running along fence tops. Just outside the gates of some camps stood "doghouses" for uniformed guards or coal and iron policemen, armed with high-powered rifles, shotguns, and machine guns, ever ready to shoot on sight anyone who tried to leave without permission, or any stranger who approached from the road.

In the matter of education, miners' children seem to have been the state's stepchildren. Nothing was too bad. Nothing could be done by school authorities that the mine operators were willing to pay for. The usual school term consisted of only five or six months. The teachers were usually young, inexperienced, underpaid, and overworked. In addition they were sometimes hard to get because of the difficulty of

boarding them. Poor teaching methods, overcrowding, and the schools' primitive facilities accounted for irregular attendance. So did hunger and lack of shoes and proper clothing.

In the dingy coal-camp schools, in the pale, pinched faces of the children one felt the real poignancy of the miners' tragedy. They never had enough food or the proper kind to sustain them through a full day's session. Have you ever seen the look of despair on the face of a youngster whose only piece of bread and butter was filched while he was at the blackboard? This fear of having his lunch stolen by some of the other hungry little animals caused a child to clutch his lunch bucket in one hand while he worked a problem on the blackboard with the other. Some children trudged to school with no soles on their shoes, and there were always some who did not join in recess play during the winter because they had no coats and their cotton dresses were too thin.

The lack of free textbooks was a serious problem in the coal camps. The issue was fought out in many a company house. Johnny would come home from school and in a plaintive tone address his mother in this manner, "Maw, you ain't got me that jogerfy yet; teacher says I got to get it." Her only reply was to break out into a cry. Father reacted violently when he came home from the mine. With an oath or two, he might say, "If that teacher wants you to have a geography and wants you to have it any more than I do, and knows how to get it, tell her

to get it. I'm sure I don't know how."

The very nature of their work, shut out from sunlight, hundreds of feet below the surface, separated from each other for hours at a time with nothing to keep them company but the glimmer of their tiny lamps and the monotonous clink of their picks—all this made miners serious, reflective men. If you added native intelligence and common sense, you would have a combination that could not be satisfied by anything but solid reading matter.

In central Pennsylvania more than 60 years ago, a miner boy would be taken on a walk which ended in an abandoned coal mine. He was met by a man whose oil lamp showed him wearing a black gown and cowl through which holes had been slit for mouth, nose, and eyes. Groping farther into the dark entry, he was stopped by another man similarly dressed who in measured tones expounded familiar industrial, political, and economic principles to which the half-frightened boy was asked to subscribe. Having done so, he received the obligation of secrecy, obedience, and mutual assistance. The trembling youth was then slowly led into the sanctum sanctorum of the "Five Stars," still deeper in the mine, where he was informed that he was now a member of the local assembly of the Knights of Labor. To such fantastic lengths were miners forced to go in the early days to practice unionism.

The local union hall became a forum for the exchange of ideas and opinions and for the dissemination of authentic information. Here the mine workers

learned from one another. Here they cultivated the art of self-expression by the use of good English and logical reasoning. Here they learned that the orator who carried off the honors in a debate was the man armed with official facts and figures. The local was the training school for leaders, and the best tribute to its effectiveness is the fact that the union has never had to go outside for leadership.

"Give us this day our daily bread," was the coal miners' most common prayer. Bread was the symbol of their economic life. When the aroma of freshly baked loaves filled the company house, one knew that the tipple was working and things were normal; when the supply of flour was low and people ate stale bread, it was a sure sign that the coal camp had fallen on evil days.

Bread was the staff of life. Sometimes it was the only food consumed. In hard times miners carried a "water sandwich" in their dinner pails, stale bread soaked in lard and water, upon which they subsisted all day in the mines.

Hunger has always haunted the bituminous coal fields. Whenever and wherever it could, the union supplied provisions, but its resources were exhausted by the long struggle for survival. The unhappy people living in these remote coal camps were the victims of their isolation, for the outside world seldom heard of their hunger. Chronic starvation lacked the spectacular element which won headlines for mine disasters and strikes. In good

times or bad, the miners were dependent upon the company store, or commissary, for their food supplies.

Miners resented the company store, where prices were higher than in independent retail stores. Trading there was compulsory, and grocery and supply bills were checked off their earnings even before they received their pay. It hurt the miner's pride to know that he was being robbed in the "pluck-me." Responsibility for budgeting family income was shifted from the housewife, where it reposes in normal homes, to the company-store manager. Moreover, the debts which a miner piled up in the store bound him as securely to his employer as miners were bound to feudal barons.

The company store was the pivot of the "coal standard" on which the economic life of the soft-coal fields revolved. Many coal corporations issued their own money and each company had its own distinctive mark to identify its scrip. In states where the law barred scrip, coal companies distributed wage advances or store orders. Chronic layoffs, part-time work, and low wages made the ground fertile for scrip, as its purpose was to tide over the miner from one payday to another.

When an operator was unable to expand his mining capacity or the volume of his sales, he would increase the number of his miners. This would so cut each man's working time and earnings that it left no surplus to spend outside the camp. Because of monopoly, there was no limit to the height to which a company store could hike its

prices. One coal operator worked two mines for 13 months and made a profit of only \$287. During the same period, his store, which without the mines would have been worth nothing, earned him a net profit of \$22,000.

Deductions from wages, or "check-offs," kept the mine worker in perpetual indebtedness. There were two kinds of deductions: those for occupational supplies and services, in nearly every other industry furnished free by the employer, and those for household goods. There were charges for blacksmithing, powder, dynamite, electric exploders, fuses, caps, carbide lamp, oil, machine oil, and a share of the checkweighman's salary if the mine was unionized; otherwise there was no checkweighman. Other charges included household coal, house rent, water, and electricity; the company doctor and hospitalization; the bathhouse; and the school taxes. These cuts were a perennial source of friction between the mine workers and the company. Ironically, when the union first demanded the check-off to collect its members' dues, the operators resisted on the plea that the practice was "un-American."

Many years ago there was a custom in Scotland by which colliers bound their babies over to mine owners for lifetime servitude in coal mines merely by accepting "arles," earnest money at the baptismal ceremony. Boys and girls started working in the pits when they were only four or five years of age. As "trappers," boys sat all day in total darkness, cold and shivering, their feet in muck and water, opening and clos-

ing heavy ventilation doors for passing mine wagons. They were also employed in the haulageways, where they wore the "soames," a harness consisting of a chain which passed between the legs and was hooked to an iron ring attached to a leather belt. Half-naked, crawling on hands and knees like animals, straining every muscle in their frail bodies, these children dragged the coal wagons through the dark entries. Not only boys but even little girls and women were thus exploited in British pits.

In the U. S., women and girls were never employed inside coal mines, but young boys were exploited as cruelly as in the British Isles. Over here parents were not required to arle away the freedom of their boys, but the combination of low wages, irregular work, a degraded environment, and pressure from mine bosses nevertheless left them no alternative but to deliver up their boys at an early age. Many coal miners started their careers at nine, even in states where a minimum age of 12 years or over was required by law.

In the bituminous industry were no coal breakers as in the anthracite industry; therefore boys went into mine work directly from their mothers' arms without benefit of an apprenticeship above ground. The surprising fact is that the boys actually welcomed a job in the mines. They wished to be like their dads. The beginners were rarely strong enough for shovel work. Until hardened, they did comparatively light work such as rolling broken coal into

a pile, cleaning up the floor of waste material, or running errands.

As part of his apprenticeship, a boy learned to make his way about in the darkness, to handle his light with caution, to cope with the rats, and to use the miner's tools. By the time he reached 16, he had mastered the mining craft, had become inured to its hardships, and was entitled to a full turn with the rest of the miners.

Trapper boys sat on small wooden benches furtively glancing into a catechism or a night-school book by the dim glow of their lamps, whittling, or playing with the rats. It was far from a wholesome environment for a nine or ten-year-old. It was a lone watch and many a youngster cried from loneliness. The only sign of life was supplied by passing trips which gave them a chance to exchange an occasional "hello" with the mule drivers, or "skinners." When the ventilating doors were opened, a gust of cold air rushed in, chilling their bodies to the bone. Sometimes they had to wade in mud up to their knees. There were dangers, too, such as being squeezed to death between cars and the entry wall.

Boys were also employed to "sprag" cars, retrack derailed cars, push loaded cars by hand, throw switches, and drive mules. There were no brakes in the early days, and the only way to stop a train of cars flying downgrade was to thrust a sprag (a short, round piece of hardwood tapered at each end) between the spokes of the wheels. Spraggers, who generally traveled with the trips, suffered amputation of fingers,

lost whole hands and sometimes were run over.

Mule skimmers were the topnotchers among baby mine workers. Somewhat older and more hardened than trappers and spraggers, they were the cock of the walk wherever boys gathered. Although generally under 18, they drank, smoked, and chewed tobacco with the men. They also were masters of a most picturesque vocabulary which they used in their work, maintaining that it was the only language understood by mules.

The pluck of Danny Robertson, 14-year-old Nova Scotian driver, was typical. One day in 1891, Danny was sitting on his coal car in the Springhill mine, driving a mare named Jennie, when an explosion occurred. Timbers cracked about him and a wall of flame swept along the haulageway, killing Jennie and turning Danny into a living torch. He tore off his burning coat and raced down the tunnel toward the bottom of the shaft, the only way he could reach the surface. On the way he heard the cries of Judson Terris, an injured trapper boy. In spite of his own agonizing burns, Danny groped around until he found the lad and then helped him climb up on his back. With the younger boy's arm wrapped tightly around his seared neck, Danny crawled along the dark haulageway until he reached the bottom. When little Judson was safely on the cage, Danny turned back into the pit to search for a brother, but rescuers brought him back with the assurance that his brother had already been saved. The youth-

ful hero was taken home in a sled, but refused help into his house because he did not wish to frighten his mother.

What was the effect on immature organisms and on the impressionable minds of boys of spending long hours at strenuous physical labor in a virtual dungeon? The answer obviously is that such mine work often stunted the growth of bodies still in the formative stage. Their health was impaired in an atmosphere impoverished in oxygen content by smoke and gases, and the breathing of men and mules. Some mines were extremely dry, and rock dust and coal dust floated in the air. Breathing this dust was harmful, for the boys were at an age when they were susceptible to tuberculosis. It was during this period that a foundation was laid for a future development of the dread "miner's asthma." In wet mines, on the other hand, boys faced the risk of contracting pneumonia. According to the 1930 Census report, the mortality of young mine workers from pneumonia was 135% higher than the death rate from this disease among all other male workers of the 15-to-24-year group in the U. S.

Nor were the moral or spiritual influences the kind we like to subject our growing citizenry to. Young boys were

thrown into the adult world before either their minds or characters had prepared them for adult experiences.

However, conditions are changing. My visits to the southern Appalachian region revealed the heroic manner in which mine workers were trying to improve the appearance of their little company houses. This impression was formed from little things, such as a radio, fresh curtains, an occasional picture, a white refrigerator conspicuous in a setting of shabby kitchen furniture, and linoleum. Those modern improvements in the soft-coal camps of the South are revolutionary, so low has been their standard of living. Those still-isolated signs of social progress were consequences of unionization. Though many mine workers continue to live in squalor, their sense of human dignity even in such surroundings makes a strong impression.

More and more mine workers are moving into towns where they may raise their children in a normal American atmosphere. Good roads, automobiles, and buses now make it possible to travel to and from work. Since operators no longer may compel occupation of company houses, they must improve their housing to hold competent labor.



What It Is

Freedom, in the clear, day-to-day sense, means that the number and character of the positive obligations laid on the private person by the public authority are kept to the minimum.

The London Tablet (11 Sept. '43).

A Man to Remember

By REDMAN DUGGAN

The life of Farley

Condensed from *Extension**

Pop Farley was the first all-American football star I had ever known who became a priest. That combination, of itself, was amazing. Yet Pop's remarkable qualities only began there.

Those of us who came to Notre Dame in later years never did learn much about Pop's personal life—where he was born, what he had done in earlier life. All we knew was that he was christened John Francis Farley, spent his childhood in New York or New Jersey, came to Notre Dame for college, and attained a post as end on one of the first mythical lists of gridiron greats. Later on, he entered Holy Cross Seminary, donned the robes of priesthood and settled down on the Notre Dame campus. When we arrived, Pop had grown middle-aged as rector of one student hall and was growing old in another. Meanwhile, he had become as venerable an institution in the eyes of students as the Judas trees in the old quad or the golden dome on the main building.

"Hi-ya, boy! Hi, boy!" The same greeting to everyone he met would echo again and again from Pop's lips as he hurried to breakfast, to Mass in the big church, or to watch track practice in the field house. The greeting was sincere, warmhearted—batted toward one with a flip of Pop's hand, including freshmen and faculty members

as well. Never a salutation by name, just the friendly, brusque, jovial greeting, "Hi, boy!"

Pop's official title was rector of Sorin Hall, a senior dormitory, but that title was a misnomer. He acted as mailman, alarm clock, sergeant-at-arms and referee in bankruptcy. He was godfather as well as Father confessor. He was half a life and more to those of us who lived with him. Rather than deriding his complete assumption of authority, no one ever violated his trust, and any one of us would have preferred being expelled from school to breaking a promise made to him.

Other halls on the campus had hired postmen, students who helped themselves through school by delivering the mail thrice daily from room to room. Not so in Sorin. Instead, three times each day, following meals at morning and noon, following night prayers in the evening, Pop stridently shelled out the letters. As he began to shout the name of each addressee, 100 boys gathered about him in a close-knit group, each eager to be favored. He would hold the letters in a stack in his hand, riffling through them quickly, with caustic asides as he glanced at the postmarks:

"Delany? Catch it, boy. One from home," as he tossed a white envelope to the first addressee.

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 1, Ill. January, 1944.

"Kelly? H'm, perfumed. Yup. Same girl from Chicago. Better watch out." Kelly's face pinked as he caught the miss's missive in mid-air.

"Jablonski? Out again? Bad boy. Can't win games that way. Murphy. Flynn."

Pop kept in touch thus with our appeals for money from home, with our latest amours, with our duns from the tailor shop downtown. Many a meaningful note he included in his line as he passed out the post.

Then there was the matter of awakening in time for Mass. Other residence halls made use of electric bells, and by them the students were awakened at 6:45 each morning, a modified form of reveille. Sorin possessed a bell, too, but its use was only incidental to Pop's more primitive, and effective, methods. Since ours was a senior hall, attendance at Mass was required only occasionally; but attendance at morning prayers was mandatory most of the time. Pop believed, however, that one really ought to be religious so long as he had to be awakened anyway, so he ruled attendance at Mass a requirement also. He rose early, said Mass at 5:15, and then from six to seven each morning roamed through the corridors awakening more lethargic souls. His path was always the same, from Room 1 in the basement (which we called Sorin sub) to the topmost tower room on the third floor. Actions and words were explosive, and, till one became used to them, astounding.

It all began each morning with a rap of Pop's blackthorn stick on the

door panels. Then came the fireworks.

"Hi, boy, Dugie. Up, boy?"

If you were awake by then, and you were, it was, "O. K., Father. I'm coming."

For the sounder sleepers there was additional knocking, and additional fireworks.

"Up, Murph. Come along, now. The devil's with ya. Hop out now. Up, boy. No more nights out till I see ya upstairs."

The most recalcitrant sleeper could not remain passive under this barrage. And by the time Pop had awakened each fellow in the corridor, there was no point to attempting any further slumber.

The sinners among us would pretend to sleep, knowing that when Father had gone on to other floors they might grab 30 winks, then throw bathrobes over pajamas and race for morning prayers in the hall chapel, just beating the warning bell by a nose. For these individuals, upon occasion, Pop delivered a special early-morning sermon before each sinner's door, with all the world as witness.

These sermons dealt not only with each reprobate's conduct the night before, and the night before that, but concerned also his grades and his possible failure in public finance or philosophy, and ended with a soliloquy on one's debt to his parents, to the school, to the guys next door and to whatever varsity team the scoundrel might be trying for at the moment. All remarks were interspersed with harsh rappings on the door with the thornwood cane. There

appeared to be no doubt that the exorcism was good for the sinner's soul, for whoever it might be was usually the first to appear at Mass next morning, and for three days thereafter. From the temporal point of view, on such occasions, we strongly envied the Protestants (my roommate was one of them), for Pop left them off his list.

There never was a more ardent sports follower than Pop—not even a Dodger rooter fresh out of Brooklyn. Each morning he devoured the sports sections of the Chicago papers, followed that with a swim with his boys either in the lake when weather permitted or in the pool. Dinner followed for him at noon and, when we had made his acquaintance in his later life, he devoted the latter portion of his day to a nap, awakening about four o'clock and going immediately to the football arena to assist in his own very unprofessional way in the coaching of the teams.

In football season, Pop would stand on the sidelines, shouting encouragement to a tackler, shushing other spectators if signals were being called near by, muttering to himself over a bad throw from center, recklessly distributing judgment if a passer threw badly or a receiver muffed a ball. His presence was warmly approved by the coaches and his comments were accepted with good humor by the players. He even attended secret practice, the Valhalla from which we mere mortals were excluded.

On days of big games, Pop adopted all returning alumni, their friends and

relations, in sweeping gestures, introducing everybody to everybody else with no regard for names. Come game time he was usually on the players' bench, remaining there no matter what the weather, and complimenting the coaches' remarks as replacements came or went.

Pop constituted himself warden of his boys in addition to his numerous other tasks. Perhaps here he outshone himself. With Notre Dame's somewhat inflexible rules of discipline, a student seldom enrolled who did not come into conflict with the authorities on one point or another during the course of his college career. Perhaps the difficulty resulted from overstepping on late leaves at night, failing in studies or taking leave without permission.

In other halls offenders were dealt with quickly and summarily, by regularly constituted disciplinary authorities. Not so in Sorin. Pop was lord and master, and self-constituted judge and jailer. He simply asked permission of the university officials to deal with each case in Sorin, and his punishment was wisely tailored to an individual's sins. Perhaps he administered a simple verbal lashing, demanded stricter adherence to studies or duty, requested (and always received) an assurance that the boy would improve his conduct. Sometimes, too, Pop would ask the sinner's attendance at an early morning Mass every day for two weeks, and Pop himself would see that he was there. Or there would be an arbitrary suspension of late and leave privileges, this latter punishment invoked only twice during

my two years there. Pop was his own judge and jury, warden and watchman, but the boys knew they always deserved the penance and never did they balk.

Swimming and the active life were soon too much for Pop's three-score years. He suffered several strokes in quick succession and his life changed radically. The college authorities felt that he could no longer hold his post, so they asked him to retire. He assented only to the extent that he removed himself to another room in Sorin, vacating the rector's quarters and nominally giving up his post, but each evening's gathering on Sorin's front porch left no doubt as to who remained "rector."

When a leg amputation became nec-

essary he was forced to take to a wheel chair, but he insisted on saying Mass in Sorin chapel whenever he could, and he continued to hold court at his invalid's throne. Rolling along in his wheel chair, he made the campus walks, rather than Sorin's porch, his habitat. And his prestige grew as his strength waned.

One day news came that Pop had been taken to the aged-priests' home across the lake to spend his remaining days. I am told that he sobbed like a child at leaving his boys when they wheeled him down the long hill and around past the swimming pier. Only a week or two later we received word Pop had died in his sleep.* We cried then.

* Father Farley died Jan. 15, 1939.



Either, Or

Protestant is a general term covering many churches of widely divergent views. It took its origin in the apostasy of Luther from the Catholic Church in the 16th century. Today it includes multiple sects which have split and resplit and whose only unity seems to be in their "protestation" against the Catholic Church.

Because of their adherence to private judgment and free choice in matters of religion, with their resultant heterogeneous character, the various denominations would have to be considered individually in approaching the problem of union with Rome. What may be said in general, however, is that the modern Protestant is fast approaching a crisis in which there are no halfway measures. Either he will have to give up Christianity and religion entirely in order to be true to the modernistic and rationalistic teachings which he now holds, or else he will have to return to those religious principles and precepts which he held before the religious revolution of Luther and his followers.

Roger Matzerath, S.A., in *Columbia* (Jan. '44).

Flight Doctors

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

Gremlin exorcists

Condensed chapter of a book*

The aviator is, without a question, the heroic symbol of our age. He is the youth who does more than a man. He steps into a complexity of machinery, wings, motors, gun, and instruments enough to make the mind swim; his machine becomes part of him, an extension of his body that takes to the air, swings with incredible speed, sees over the horizon, through clouds or in the dark, lays its destructive eggs just where he plans, and then whisks him away from the scene with a zoom that terrifies groundlings.

Try as we will to get used to the plane, it continually astonishes us by doing the impossible. Try as we will to look at the pilot as just a youngster, barely past his first shave, we find ourselves reverting to hero worship for the men who know none of the ties that bind the rest of us to earth.

Yet the aviator is a creature of whom it used to be said, "Nature never intended that he should fly." If he is a better man than we are, he owes the advantage only in the slightest degree to nature. For the most part he owes it to the doctor: defiance of nature, a defiance which first selects him from among the rest of us and then protects him, much to his annoyance, during every moment of his life.

It is the flight surgeons who have taught man how to keep pace with his

incredible flying machine. Without aviation medicine, modern military flying would be virtually impossible. The cost of flying, even excluding combat losses, would be more than any nation could bear. Too many pilots and too many planes would crack up for the training programs and the plane factories to keep up with them.

In fact, that was exactly what was happening when flight surgery was first called into being, in 1915. In the early days, anyone who had the courage to fly did so. And it took real courage to get into the crates of bamboo and baling wire that passed for airplanes back in 1912. It was only after the first year of the first World War that the various fighting nations began to examine their records of airplane failures.

The English airmen had been losing pilots almost as fast as they trained them. Yet their planes were no worse, though no better, than those of their German opponents. That they knew, because they weren't losing their planes in combat. On the contrary, for every 100 pilots killed the first year, only two were killed by Germans.

The answer was obvious. Methods must be devised and tests set up which would eliminate the unfit at or near the very start. And the pilots must be watched and cared for to make sure

**Miracles of Military Medicine*. 1943. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York City. 373 pp. \$2.75.

they continued fit. Even so, the doctors didn't have an easy time horning themselves into a "purely military matter."

Luckily for the aviators, the doctors beat the "practical men" in the very first fight. They got their chance in 1916 and made the most of it. Before another year had passed, they had beaten down the rate of pilot failures to a point where none could question the validity of their methods.

None, that is, except the doctors themselves. Although the records of their meetings read like a long series of Donnybrook fairs, each marked many profound advances. Their first tests were rule-of-thumb. Some of them were way off the track, but others showed an amazing ingenuity which have brought about results.

Let us follow Joe Brown, one of several hundred youths fresh from two years of college, as he turns up all primed for flying at a primary training center. Joe's first disconcerting shock is the discovery that he won't get any attention from the doctors on his first day in camp. They deliberately allow him a 24-hour rest, so that train fatigue will not influence their examination results.

The next morning Joe starts through the meat grinder. First he gets a general physical survey; his lifetime medical history is taken. Every infection, illness, and operation he has ever had (and will confess to) is listed. Here the first filtering process occurs. Out go not only all men over 200 pounds and all above six-feet-two and below five-feet-four, but also every man who fails to

come within sixteen pounds of normal weight for his height.

But Joe passes. He is neither too short to fit a plane's controls nor so tall that he will get in his own way in a narrow cockpit. Nor will they have to dump gas to make way for Joe's weight. Joe goes on to the eye tests. Here he gets his first real pummeling. He is tested for near-sightedness, for far-sightedness, and astigmatism. They then try him out for visual acuity, the ability to appreciate form, a mighty useful ability if you want to know whether that's a Heinkel or one of your own escorts on your tail.

Joe is seated exactly 20 feet from a test chart, the room is darkened, the chart illuminated, and Joe begins to read. If he can't read down to the second line from the bottom, out he will go. But Joe is normal. In fact, he sails right through the chart, right down to the smallest letters on the bottom line. They rate him 20/15, meaning that he can read at a 20-foot distance the line scaled for 15-foot reading. Joe begins to feel cocky.

But not for long. The next thing he knows they've got him up before a depth-perception box. He is seated just 20 feet from a lighted box, with a window on its side. Through the window he can see two upright black rods. The lights are so arranged that the rods cast no shadows which might otherwise guide him. One rod is fixed, the other movable by a pair of strings which are placed in his hands. Joe is told to line up the rods by moving the cords. And every time he does it, the doctors put

the rods out of line and make him do it over again. (The boy ahead of Joe failed to get within one inch of perfect alignment on the average of five trials. Home he'll go.) But again, Joe does well. Some day soon his depth perception is going to prove handy when he has to land a big plane on a small field.

Then they go to work on Joe's eye muscles, with a series of testing instruments. After about an hour of "fussing around," as it seems to Joe, they find that his muscles are in balance, neither too active nor underactive. Once Joe gets into a plane, where his bodily movements are restricted and where he will have to fix his eyes on fast-moving objects at quickly varying distances, Joe is going to appreciate that good set of muscles.

Right now, however, he's too busy. They've got him reading a series of colored charts, the pseudo-isochromatic plates invented by a Jap named Ishihara. Each plate consists of a maze of colored dots. Some form just a crazy pattern. But others have the dots so arranged that a lot of one color line up in the shape of a numeral or letter against the rest, of another color, which form a background. If Joe were color-blind, he wouldn't see the difference between the two shades of dots and he'd say that the plate had no figure on it. But Joe reads all the figures off, just like that. He will be able to recognize the field boundary lights, navigating lights, and rocket signals, and colored flags used for daytime signaling. And when he has to make his first forced landing, he will know, from the color

of the terrain, just what conditions he is going to meet. (A few color-blind men are kept around by the air force for camouflage spotting, although most of this work is better done, when time permits, by using color-filtering cameras.)

Finally, they test Joe for night vision. They make him stare at a bright light for three minutes. Then they put all the lights out except a dim one which the flight surgeon holds in his hand. If, so blinded, Joe can see that light in three minutes, he will do. If he can't, they may reject him. Or they may give him a high vitamin-A diet for the next few weeks and another chance. For lack of vitamin A has been proved to be one cause of night blindness. This test is a rough one, good enough for the general run of flyers but nothing like the test Joe will have to pass later, if he is to specialize in night fighting.

They start on his ears. They play a record that doesn't make any sound. But wait, it does. It whispers. And Joe hears it at 20 feet—hears it and repeats it to the examiner's satisfaction.

Then they try Joe for balance. First he stands erect, without shoes, with toes and heels touching. Then he flexes his knee backward to a right angle; then closes his eyes, thinking, "this is a cinch." The next thing Joe knows, he's flat on his face, with an increased respect for the examiner.

On the next two trials on the right foot, Joe weaves just a little. Then on the left foot, he gets the hang of things, gets just enough confidence back to flop again on his last test. But he passes

because he did maintain his position for 15 seconds in better than one out of three trials on each foot.

Another test that gives Joe added respect for these strange doctors and their stranger gadgets is named after its inventor, Bárány. The Bárány chair is a sort of piano stool with a head rest, which holds the head forward at a 30° angle, a foot rest, and a stop pedal. Joe gets in and is asked to fix his eyes on a distant point. Then they turn Joe around to the right, eyes closed, ten times in 20 seconds. The instant the chair stops, Joe hears the click of the examiner's stop watch and, obeying previous instructions, he stares straight ahead at the point selected before. A horizontal oscillation of his eyeballs occurs and it is clocked. Joe's lasted exactly 25 seconds, a second less than normal. But anything from 10 to 34 seconds would qualify, provided that it didn't vary by more than five seconds from the record made when Joe revolved in the opposite direction.

The test seems interesting enough, though rather pointless to Joe, until they tell him that it measures his ability to recover balance after a change of direction in the air. They also tell him that he had better learn right now to trust his instruments more than his senses and they prove it by putting him back in the Bárány chair. Joe sits with his head on the rest and closes his eyes. They spin him to the right, then bring the chair to a dead stop. "Which way are you going, Joe?" asks the examiner. "Left," Joe answers. Then he opens his eyes to find that he has been stock-still

since the right spin ended. Unless Joe is entirely too cocky to make a good flyer, he gets the idea at this point.

And so the day progresses. They go after the noses, throats, and lungs of the candidates. They throw out all the sinus sufferers; they temporarily disqualify all diseased tonsil cases. Adenoids large enough to cause mouth breathing are taboo.

They take electro-cardiograms of the boys' heart actions. They take their pulses. They make the boys jump 100 times on one foot and take their blood pressures before and after, and minutes after, jumping.

And when they are all through, they have rejected anywhere from a quarter to three-quarters of the group being examined. For every Joe who passes, some other boy is heartbroken to find himself "physically inadequate," often a boy who rated high in high-school and college athletics.

Yet the examiners have not tried to keep the boys out. They have tried to pass as many as could be passed without wasting training on ultimate failures. For time has taught them that the worst thing they can do, for both the air-minded would-be flyer and for the air corps as well, is to train a man who hasn't got what it takes. Sooner or later he must be busted out, and it is better to break his heart than to have him kill one or a dozen trained men and wreck a few good planes, busting out the hard way.

The great failure of flight surgery, and a failure which the flight surgeons are the first to admit, lies in the inabil-

ity, up to now, to apply equally exact and precise tests to the determination of psychological factors making for success or failure as a flyer.

The doctors have done much in the way of learning how to detect personality traits leading toward success or toward failure. But their measurements are still a bit short of the ideal of accuracy and some failures that were not detected always crop up during primary training, sometimes even later.

How effective, and how ineffective, these tests (or estimations) are as a means of eliminating those with preconditions for psychosis or neurosis is shown in some statistics cited by Lieut. Comdr. R. Barry Bigelow of the Navy's Pensacola Training Station. Dr. Bigelow reported that during the first six months of 1940, with between 1,200 and 1,900 average membership in the student corps, only 24 pilot candidates were referred for neuro-psychiatric consultation, including all the more obvious psychiatric disorders developed during training.

That doesn't sound bad to you or to me. But it sounds terrible to a lot of flight surgeons and they have been trying to do something about it.

The great majority of the students are earnestly determined to succeed. When difficulties arise which threaten to lead to discontinuance of their training, it is but natural that they should respond to these with tension and anxiety.

It is not that they do respond, it is rather the way in which they respond that counts. For the ones with constitutional weaknesses, the ones who will break down sooner or later, respond now with pronounced reactions, clearly evidencing their heretofore unseen unfitness. For them, the primary training proves to be another test, and one which they fail.

But the more stable men respond with more moderate evidences of anxiety. Most of them find their own ways of licking their problems. Many help each other out. And others profit greatly from discussion with the psychiatrists. Once they lick their natural nervous troubles they are better fortified to withstand the still greater strains of actual combat flying. For now they need no longer fear their fears. They have licked them once; they know what they are like and they can lick them again, on their own.



Too Far North Is South

The inclination to take care of other people's children and hire strangers to take care of one's own appeared in the news. In Connecticut, a mother employed a maid to look after her small boy while she worked in a children's center. At the center, the mother was given the job of taking care of a problem child, who turned out to be her maid's son.

John A. Toomey in *America* (12 Nov. '43).

George Washington and Global Peace

Force alone won't do it

By CARL SANDBURG

An excerpt from a book*

The blessed and definitely remembered American hero, George Washington, was nobody's fool; neither was he a stuffed shirt nor a Christian gentleman who went to church regularly merely to set a good example. It does not lessen his dignity nor his worth to remark that while he was beautifully human, he knew his onions and could tell a hawk from a handsaw. We come to these observations out of reading the original manuscripts of two letters written by General Washington. With a feathered quill pen he traced across the honest and rugged rag paper words for this hour a little more important than the general run of what comes off the hit-and-run typewriters of today.

My friend Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago had dug the manuscripts out of his wide-ranging and priceless collection. We agreed that Washington is worth reading, now. He saw the earth as a globe with the human family on it. And he saw the global life of man was to be hard and hazardous, though like many of us today he had his wishes and prayers for global peace. This he saw possible whenever men should truly try to shape it with will and vision.

At Mount Vernon on Sept. 5, 1785, General Washington's goose-quill pen wrote these lines to be sent to his friend in France, the Marquis de Chastellux:

"Dear Sir: My first wish is to see the blessings of peace diffused through all the countries, and among all ranks in every country, and that we should consider ourselves as the children of a common parent, and be disposed to acts of brotherly kindness toward one another. In that case, all restrictions of trade would vanish; we should take your wines, your fruits, and surplusage of other articles, and give you, in return, our oils, our fish, tobacco, naval stores, etc.; and, in like manner, we should exchange produce with other countries, to our reciprocal advantage. The globe is large enough. Why, then, need we wrangle for a small spot of it? If one country cannot contain us, another should open its arms to us. But these halcyon days, if they ever did exist, are now no more. A wise Providence, I presume, has ordered it otherwise, and we must go on in the old way, disputing, and now and then fighting, until the globe itself is dissolved."

This should go into the *Congressional Record*, also into the standard school readers immediately following the Farewell Message which is read aloud in the halls of Congress each anniversary of Washington's birthday. Alongside the above letter should go one that Washington wrote on the same day to "his Excellency Chevalier

*Home Front Memo. 1943. Harcourt Brace Co., New York City. 310 pp. \$3.

de la Luzerne." This communication reads as follows:

"From the last European accounts we have reason to hope that the clouds which seemed to be gathering in your hemisphere will yield to a tranquil sky, and peace with all its blessings will spread its mantle over the threatened lands. My first wish is to see the sons and daughters of the world mixing as one family, enjoying the sweets of social intercourse and reciprocal advantages. The earth certainly is sufficient to contain us all, and affords everything necessary to our wants, if we would be friendly and endeavor to accommodate one another. Why, then, should we wrangle, and why should we attempt to infringe the rights and

properties of our neighbors? But, lest you should suppose that I am about to turn preacher, I will only add that, with the highest esteem and consideration, I have the honor to be, etc."

Thinking in global terms is no new thing for a President of the U.S. Abraham Lincoln capitalized his phrase, "the Family of Man."

Mei-ling Soong Chiang, in giving the gist of her own philosophy in two words, "cooperation and humility," was at the same time summarizing Washington and Lincoln.

Force alone isn't worth so much. Force with control is what counts. As between speed only and speed with control, who wouldn't take speed with control?



The New Land Pattern

By WILLIAM R. VAN DERSAL

Condensed chapter of a book*

Soil is what you do with it

For the second time in history a change of great significance is taking shape on American land. The initial change saw a making over of the original wild landscape into a patchwork of square fields. We know now that such a pattern as this could not be lasting. But once again the pattern is changing, as the face of the land begins to reflect the ways of the people who live upon it. Here is no patchwork, but

a broad and subtle handling of slope and soil, sweeping curves and winding terraces, and fields fitted to the rounded contours of the land.

It is little more than a half dozen years since the bold and beautiful designs sketched on the landscape by the new ways of using land began to attract widespread attention. It portrays the ending of one era and the beginning of another. It expresses a pro-

*The American Land. 1943. Oxford University Press, New York City. 215 pp. \$3.75.

found change in American thought, induced by the realization that this is no longer an expanding nation, but a country whose future security depends upon the ability of its people to use wisely what they have.

"It is now a question," wrote the Harvard geologist Shaler, 50 years ago, "whether human culture, which rests upon the uses of the soil, can devise and enforce ways of dealing with the earth which will preserve this source of life so that it may support the men of the ages to come."

The new land pattern is an important part of the answer to Shaler's vital question.

It would be difficult to point to this or that person and say that he first conceived the idea of using land as we are coming to use it now. We know that progressive steps were taken in this country by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, to say nothing of many other farmers. Among the millions who have lived on the land, first one, then another, tried new ways.

Early in this century various state agricultural experiment stations and the U. S. Department of Agriculture began studying erosion. Soil and water losses were carefully measured on different kinds of soil, different slopes, under different kinds of crops, different systems of farming. The more the problem was studied, the more people began to realize how important it was. By 1928 ten special stations gave full-time study to erosion. By 1933 enough was known about it that something could be done.

Through the efforts of several federal-government agencies, notably the Soil Conservation Service, and cooperating farmers, erosion-controlling practices were instituted. The movement was at first tentative. A few key areas were marked out in which the new system of farming was demonstrated. These areas multiplied: every time a heavy rain or a driving wind played havoc with soil in neighboring areas, leaving the demonstration farms untouched, applications began to pour in from farmers who wanted their land laid out in the new way.

Three years after the first demonstration areas were set up, land users everywhere demanded help so loudly that the program had to be expanded enormously. With the help of proper laws, landowners set up soil-conservation districts. The movement is still spreading, and it is unlikely that there will ever be a return to old patterns.

Probably the most important soil-conservation practice, one basic to the successful operation of erosion control in many areas, is contour cultivation. For many years farmers took pride in their ability to plow in a straight line, which was all very well as long as the land was level. But when these lovely furrows ran up and down hill, they furnished excellent channels for water. Naturally, the steeper the hill, the faster the water washed down the furrows, picking up soil as it went.

The obvious way to plow was across the slope. If this were done, every furrow would act as a dam instead of a ditch. But to do this, the furrows would

have to be plowed so that they are always exactly at right angles to the slope, and in carrying out this idea, farmers found themselves curving in and out on slopes, plowing furrows that were by no means straight. Instead of running up and down, they ran around the hills. And since land is usually pretty variable in its topography, the furrows curved in and then out of the little hollows, and out and in again on the bulges or ridges.

Interestingly enough, farmers found that by following the land's contours in this manner, they did not have to work as hard. Obviously it is easier to walk and work around a hill than up or down hill. And you do not need as many horses, nor does your tractor use as much fuel.

The theory behind farming in strips is rather simple, although the effect on the landscape often seems rather remarkable. What it amounts to is that some crops, such as corn, do not stop soil from washing; grass or clover does a much better job. By alternating strips of corn with strips of grass, erosion is reduced considerably. Water may start to run downhill, even where the land is cultivated on the contour, in the strips of corn. But when it runs into the grass strip, it slows down, drops most of its soil, and has a chance to soak into the ground.

The experts on soil conservation confront many problems when applying strip-cropping. For one thing, how wide the strips should be, on different slopes and soils, requires a good bit of experimenting. If the corn strips are

too wide, the water may get such a good start that it flows right over the grass strip, tears into the next corn strip, and begins to cut away soil at a great rate. If the grass strip is too wide, the farmer may not be able to grow as much corn as he needs. But these problems are fairly well worked out for different parts of the country. If you notice little gullies in a strip-cropped field, rely upon it that the width of the strips will be changed next year.

Terraces are different things to different people, which is another way of saying that there are many kinds. One is the type the Incas, Chinese, and Babylonians used in mountainous country. Essentially they made steps on the slopes, cultivating crops on the level portion, perhaps building stone walls on the vertical parts. We use such terraces in this country in California, where we call them bench terraces. The chances are good that they will come into greater use in other parts of the country, especially in the Southeast.

But another kind of terrace is far more common in the U. S. Essentially, this type is a low ridge that winds along on the land's contours, presenting a formidable barrier to any water flowing downhill. Some are exactly on the level, but most of them have a slight downgrade. The idea is not only to stop the water from running directly downhill, but also to conduct it slowly off the land, if it does not soak in.

Expert engineering is called for in making terraces. They must not have too much pitch; if they let the water

run too fast, a gully may develop along the uphill side of the terrace. If they are too nearly level, the water may fill them, and during hard rains, break over the top. Terraces must empty somewhere, and where they do, carefully designed outlets must be built; otherwise a gully may start that will eat back into the terrace itself. Also, terraces must be made so that farm machinery can work on them without tipping over. In places this means that the terraces must have a very gentle roll, so gentle that you may not be able to detect them at first glance. These are called manguam terraces. Where land is steep, and the soil is right, a terrace may be a high-banked ditch. Such terraces cannot be farmed; they go by the name of Nichols terraces or diversion terraces.

Terraces are not in themselves sufficient to control all erosion. They are most useful when combined with strip-cropping and various other conservation practices. Needless to say, they must be combined with contour cultivation. If they are not, in the long run they only make things worse. Terrace outlets must be well made so that they can carry water away to the nearest stream without permitting any erosion. In California, terrace outlets may be concrete or asphalt flumes, but in most places are fairly broad artificial waterways planted with a thick grass sod.

Wherever crops are harvested so that the land is left without any cover on it at all, erosion works on it until a new crop is planted. If the crop is harvested so as to leave a residue of material on

the soil, erosion does much less damage. Sometimes the crop may be harvested clean; then after the grains or seeds are extracted, the residue of the plants may be hauled back to the field. In wheat country the wheat is cut off high enough to leave a healthy stubble. This is plowed with a special plow so that part of the stubble is buried and part is left sticking up from the soil. Such a use of residue pays dividends, especially where wind erosion is severe.

Besides the conservation practices already noted, that are easy to distinguish on the land, there are many more not as easy to see, but equally important. Instead of crop residues, cover crops of legumes or winter grains may be planted in the fall to protect soil over winter. Crop rotation is practiced to increase the value of strip-cropping. Each year the strips are changed so that a strip that had corn on it one year has a legume the next, and vice versa. By rotating crops in this way, every other year a good dose of green manure is added to each strip. And the more organic material there is in soil, the more water it can absorb, and the better crops it can produce.

On range and pasture land conservation practices are aimed at keeping the grass or other pasture plants in good condition, even under grazing. Lime and fertilizers are applied to pastures to make plants grow better. Cattle are taken off pastures that show signs of being overgrazed, and kept on pastures in better shape. This is called rotation grazing. Careful attention is paid to the numbers of animals released on the

range or pasture to insure enough, but no more than enough, animals to use up available forage. Sometimes furrows on the contour are plowed at intervals, in pastures, to cut down water losses. On the range, riders keep livestock on the move so that the animals will not, so to speak, eat themselves out of food. Water holes and salt licks at strategic points encourage livestock to spread out evenly over the range.

Land that is too steep for ordinary crops, or is already gullied and worn with erosion, is planted to trees and shrubs, both to grow wood and to foster production of game and fur animals. Stream banks are closely protected from grazing animals so that the vegetation may save the banks from the cutting action of the stream.

The most important principle of all is one that can easily be seen in operation, yet goes unrecognized. On some land you can grow no more than 25 bushels of corn to the acre. With the same seed, fertilizer, and cultivation, you can produce 100 bushels on an acre of really first-class land. From this it would seem sensible to grow corn on rich land, and to grow some less valuable crop on poorer soil. But this does not follow.

If, in growing corn on our good-soil acre, we find that erosion depletes the land so rapidly that we get less and less corn each year, then obviously it is not sensible to keep on using the land for corn without some kind of safeguard, for in a short while our acre would be worn out. Depending on its slope, kind of soil, susceptibility to ero-

sion, and a number of other things, we may need to use contour cultivation, practice crop rotation, employ terracing, or use other conservation practices, alone or in combination.

It is possible to classify land. First-class land might well be the level, fertile soil that will keep on producing indefinitely under the ordinary farming methods. Second-class might include land equally fertile but sloping, and on this type we would need to cultivate on the contour. Steeper land would require more complex practices, such as terracing or strip-cropping, to protect them from erosion, and this land could be put in still another class. Extremely steep land with dangerously erosive soil would have to be kept in some kind of permanent cover, such as hay, pasture, or woodland.

Soil conservation experts have divided land into classes, ranging from Class I, our level, fertile land requiring no conservation practices, to Class VIII, land that requires the greatest of care to avoid losing it altogether. These are called land-capability classes, and are of great importance as a basis for land management. Also, land-capability maps have been made for many parts of the U. S. Once all American land is treated according to its capabilities, then America may outproduce anything it has ever done before.

Whether a farmer or not, you have an interest in the land, no matter who uses it. If it is being used wisely, you and your children may have enough to eat; if it is being wasted, future Americans may go on shorter rations.

Jews in Russia

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Tolerance ends a race problem

Excerpt from a book*

The statement that the bolshevik Revolution in Russia was made by and for the Jews has been widely circulated and is one of the trump cards of Hitler's propaganda. It calls for an objective study of the part which the Jews played in the Russian revolution and in the Soviet regime.

In the all-Russian revolutionary parties (not only among the bolsheviks) the proportion of Jews was higher than the percentage of Jews in the populations of the empire. (There were 7 million Jews among the 180 million subjects of the czar. There are now about 3 million Jews in the Soviet Union. A considerable part of the former Russian Jewish population lived in regions which were separated from Russia after the Revolution, in Poland, Latvia, Lithuania and Bessarabia.)

There are two obvious explanations of this circumstance. Among the Jews there was a much higher proportion of intellectuals, capable of thinking seriously about political and economic questions, than among the Russians, with their large number of illiterate and semi-literate peasants. In Russia, as in many countries of eastern and southeastern Europe, there was a high percentage of Jews among the educated middle class, among the merchants and traders, lawyers and physicians, writers and journalists.

Then the Jews, especially those of the younger generation, often became revolutionaries because of a specific sense of racial grievance. The czarist discriminatory measures against the Jews were mild, compared with those of Hitler. But in the civilized era before 1914 Russia was the only large state that was avowedly discriminating against its Jewish citizens. There were restrictions on places of residence, on admission to the universities, on eligibility for state service. There were pogroms, mob outbreaks of murder, looting, and outrage against the Jews; and these sometimes took place with the connivance, or without the active opposition, of the local authorities.

Discrimination against the Jews in Russia was officially motivated not by racial, but by religious considerations. The Jew who professed conversion to the Orthodox faith could escape official, although not necessarily social, disabilities. But few Jews were willing to pay this price for equality of opportunity.

So, besides sharing the indignation of the more idealistic young Russians over the general injustices and inequalities of the czarist order, the Jew felt a strong sense of resentment at his own special plight. It is not surprising that a considerable number of prominent communist leaders in the first years of

*The Russian Enigma. 1943. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. 321 pp. \$2.75.

the Revolution, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek, Sokolnikov, Sverdlov, Joffe, Litvinov, to mention a few of the more conspicuous names, were of Jewish origin. Of the seven members of the political bureau, the highest party steering committee, at the time of Lenin's death, three, Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, were Jews.

But from the indisputable historical fact that a number of the early leaders of the Soviet regime were Jews, it would be quite unfair and inaccurate to draw the familiar anti-Semitic conclusion that the Revolution was a Jewish plot, conceived in the interest of the Jewish race. The Jewish communist leader was a fanatic of class war. He possessed no Jewish community affiliations and rejected Judaism just as emphatically as any other religion. Rothschild would have fared no better at his hands than Morgan or Rockefeller.

There are no exact statistics on the subject. But it is a matter of common observation that a high proportion of the Russian *émigrés*, including some of the severest critics of the Soviet regime, are Jews. This alone should dispose of the idea once and for all that the Revolution was a Jewish plot, from which all Jews benefited.

It is easy to understand why many Jews fled from Russia after the Revolution. A considerable number had been engaged in the private trade which was destroyed under the Soviets. The Jews also played a prominent part in the educated middle class that attached value to freedom of expression and discussion. Some of the Jewish *émigrés* are

martyrs of free trade; others have suffered for free thought.

The originally high proportion of Jews in the communist leadership and in the upper ranks of the Soviet bureaucracy has been decreasing for two reasons. There was a very high proportion of Jews among the formerly prominent communists who were sentenced to death or who simply disappeared during the sweeping party purge of the 30's. This is not because Stalin is personally anti-Semitic. It is because many Jews belonged to the cosmopolitan intellectual element in the party which Stalin had always disliked and distrusted, and which he decided to destroy root and branch.

At the same time the spread of education among the Russian masses had reduced the advantage which the Jew, in the beginning, often enjoyed as a candidate for a post in the Soviet bureaucracy, which required special training and knowledge. Incitation to anti-Semitism or to other forms of race hatred is a criminal offense in Russia, and the Jew no longer lives in fear of pogroms, although isolated instances of anti-Jewish feeling are still occasionally reported in the Soviet press. A Jew may be appointed to a high government post without exciting comment or criticism. There is one Jew, L. M. Kaganovitch, among the 11 members of the present political bureau. But the earlier striking predominance of Jews in some departments (the commissariat for foreign affairs was a good example) has been diminishing.

The Soviet Union has come closer

than any other large power to solving what is sometimes called the Jewish problem on a basis of assimilation. Completely new living conditions have helped to do away with old religious and social barriers. The sense of Jewish racial consciousness, stimulated by persecution and discrimination, is reduced to a minimum under a regime of racial equality and tolerance. The free granting of cultural autonomy sometimes paralyzes the demand for it. Many Jewish parents do not wish to have their children taught Yiddish in the schools and prefer to have them instructed in Russian. This is also true as regards some of the other minority groups.

Among the younger Jews observance of ancient Hebrew festivals and ritual has almost died out. Inter-marriage with Russians has become frequent. The German conquest of White Russia and

Ukraine has doubtless written new bloody pages in the tragic history of Russian Jewry. But if one takes a long-range view it may be that the Jews who have absorbed Soviet psychology and become adjusted to Soviet living conditions will find themselves better adjusted and feel more sense of security in the future than Jews in some other parts of the world.

The nationality policy of the Soviet regime, considered only in its racial and cultural aspects, and leaving out of account the accompaniment of tight political dictatorship which applies to all Soviet citizens, Russians or non-Russians, is enlightened and civilized. It could be a promising model for future federations among the people of central and eastern Europe if it could be dissociated from political dictatorship and economic centralization.



If I Were Pope

You know him. He is the fellow who thinks the pastor preaches too long, or too little; the assistant doesn't get around the parish often enough, or he is never at the rectory when you call; the Sunday Masses begin too early, or run too late; confessions are heard at the wrong hours; there's too much talk of money, and the parish ought to do something about the debt; the Sisters fuss too much about the processions; the choir is no good; the vestments are shabby; and why, for heaven's sake, do they have so many evening devotions?

He could tell the bishop a thing or two about running the diocese, too, or even the Pope. But it is your Church, yours and mine, and we are gathered together into one big family, behind Christ, for protection against the powers of evil.

Give the clergy credit for trying, anyway. They have their hands on the pulse of the parish, and they have dedicated their lives to your salvation. Why, a man must spend 20 years in school, college and seminary, before the Church will grant that he knows enough just to hear your confession!

Anthony J. Beck in *Pax* (15 Sept. '43).

Idea of Democracy in St. Thomas

By R. W. MULLIGAN

Good egg hatched

Condensed from *America**

All freedom and democracy are ultimately based on the dignity of the human soul. No one saw that more clearly than St. Thomas. Upon that truth he built his theories of law and government that were, through the centuries, to pass slowly from the state of being merely juridical ideals to the point where they became part of the psychological attitude of the modern European man. It was St. Thomas's glory to propose to his contemporaries an entirely new conception of the Christian state.

Hard though it may be for us to imagine it, St. Thomas was thought to be something of a radical by his fellow philosophers. He had been among the first to show the invalidity of the ontological argument of St. Anselm for the existence of God. He had refused to follow the metaphysics of Peter Lombard, whose *Sentences* was used as a standard text in the schools. He had respectfully but insistently criticized some of the most important philosophical ideas of his teacher, Albert the Great; and, at a time when Aristotelianism was considered almost synonymous with pantheism, he had set out to synthesize the teachings of the Stagirite with the dogmas of the Church.

In the field of political thought, St. Thomas proved himself no less a radical. He began by breaking with the

tradition that had held the state to be a consequence of original sin, hallowed though this conception was by the teaching of St. Augustine. Thomas felt that the state was far from being only the effect of sin. It was, he thought, a natural organ, generated by and for man's ordinary needs. Even without the Fall, men would have needed the social stability and order of a well-governed community.

His first argument was this: the state or social order cannot be the effect of original sin, since social order exists even among the angels, who are not affected by original sin. In heaven there are the ruling classes of thrones and dominations. Under them and subject to their jurisdiction (at least in a limited way) are countless celestial citizens. The whole political scheme of heaven is hierarchical, resembling in a way the social structures of men.

Since the angels have a social order, Thomas argued, the state as such cannot be the effect of sin, a club held over the heads of the fallen to keep them from each other's throats. Government is not only for the guilty. It is something natural, something that follows necessarily from the spiritual nature and diversity of talents common to men and angels.

This was, of course, not a philosophical argument. It is based on the Bible.

*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. Dec. 11, 1943.

For those who wanted to argue from reason alone he constructed another proof.

Thomas built his second argument for the naturalness of the state on the overwhelming evidence of man's aversion to living alone. The histories of nations are merely records of men flocking together in villages, towns, and cities. Men come together to supply each other with food, protection, and companionship. For, as the saint says (healthy humanist that he was), men have to live in society, not only to satisfy their needs, but to perfect their personalities through interchange of ideas. Social life then is a natural thing. It is not a result of sin. Even if Adam had not sinned, men would have lived in cities.

This abandonment by St. Thomas of St. Augustine's concept of government may seem to be as inconsequential as the old arguments about how many angels can pirouette on a pinpoint. But it has a serious significance to the student of political thought. This new concept of government, evolved from Aristotle and fitted into the framework of the medieval mind, slowly changed the fundamental attitude of European man towards his ruler.

The old Augustinian notion that had considered the state as such to be an effect of sin had a tendency, at least, to make a policeman out of the government. It consequently isolated the people from their princes. By insisting that society was not the result of sin but of our natural needs, Thomas helped to break down the barrier between the

people and their monarchs. The people could now more reasonably consider their monarchs to be their representatives as well as their rulers.

This new concept of government emphasized, moreover, the positive aspect of government. It reminded rulers that legislation was not to be limited to drawing up penal codes. Kings should have care for the wants, as well as the waywardness, of their subjects.

Before this Thomistic conception had penetrated the mind of Europe, there were many who considered the role of the ruler to be more than that of a warden. But Thomas was the first to give them a philosophical basis for thinking so. And it was he who gave to medieval lawyers a system of thought that would justify their conceiving the state to be a cooperative venture. Giving them this, he gave them the formal beginnings of the idea and practice of Christian democracy.

From this initial concept of the state as a natural organism, Thomas easily passed over to the idea of popular sovereignty, of government "of the people, by the people, for the people."

"This tenet of popular sovereignty," angrily wrote Sir Robert Filmer, 17th-century Protestant defender of the king's divine rights, "was first hatched in the schools and hath been fostered by all succeeding Papists for good divinity." Filmer's was a correct historical judgment. Popular sovereignty actually was first hatched in medieval schools and (as an Irish wit has said) by no one else than that great brooder, St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Thomas never

wrote a formal essay on popular sovereignty, but there are enough passages scattered through the 30 large volumes of his writings to justify placing him among the first philosophers to hold that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Even in his essay, "On the Rule of Princes," Thomas insisted on democratic principles. The powers of the prince, he warned, should be carefully curtailed by the people to keep his rule from becoming tyrannical. If the ruler abuses his office and other means of correction fail, the people have a perfect right to get rid of him, "even though it (the people) had previously subjected itself to him in perpetuity." He adds that "such a prince cannot complain that he has been treated unjustly"; for he "has deserved that the covenant with his subjects should not be kept." Certainly the man who wrote these lines was no intellectual lackey to the aristocrats who governed medieval Europe. Consent of the governed was the pith of his political theory. In his famous commentary on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard, he asserts quite plainly that the people may oppose to the death any one who tries to seize control of a country without obtaining the free consent of the citizenry of that country.

In his early years, Thomas seems to have preferred a monarchy to other forms of government. Very likely the sporadic and chaotic attempts of medieval Italian cities at parliamentary government left him with a distaste for formal democracy. Perhaps, like Rous-

seau, he thought that democracy could function only in small and poor nations, whereas the great and wealthy country needs, rather, a strongly centralized government conducted by a small group of persons.

At any rate, he modified his opinion in his later years; and, in his most mature work, the *Summa Theologica*, he comes out in support of "the mixed government." By a "mixed government," the saint meant one that combined the best elements of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy.

There is an amazing similarity, considering the years that lie between the age of St. Thomas and our own day, between the government he offers as an ideal and the government we have established in this country. "The best form of government," he declares, "is in a state or kingdom wherein one is given the power to preside over all; while under him are others having governing power. A government of this kind is shared by all, both because all are eligible to govern and because the rulers are chosen by all."

This type of government, he adds, "is partly kingdom, since there is one head of all; partly aristocracy, insofar as a number of persons are set in authority; partly democracy, insofar as the rulers can be chosen from the people, and the people have the right to choose their rulers."

It is not too difficult to fit our own national government into the framework sketched by the saint. The presidency is the monarchical element; the House and the Senate are an aristocra-

cy based, not on blood, but (as Thomas desired) on ability. The democratic element is, as it is in the ideal government of St. Thomas, the right of the people to choose their rulers from among themselves. And this scheme of government was not the idle dream of a drawing-room diplomat nor the idealistic aspiration of a pious but uninformed monk. As Ihering, the distinguished German Protestant critic remarks, St. Thomas "correctly understood the realistic-practical and the social factors of moral life, as well as the historical."

The same critic, in commenting on the broad democratic principles of the Holy Doctor, exclaimed: "In amazement I ask myself how it is possible that such truths, once they were uttered, could be forgotten so completely

by our Protestant savants." It is not easy to answer his question; and it becomes even more difficult when we recall that there have been Catholic as well as Protestant savants who lost sight of the great democratic principles that enrich the writings of the Dominican saint. But the common people, at any rate, have never forgotten them. They have misunderstood them; they have accepted perverted interpretations of them; for a time, they have abandoned them; but the democratic principles of St. Thomas had sunk so deeply into the minds of European men that they never quite completely forgot them. They are no longer philosophical theses but a psychological attitude of the modern man, a lasting gift from the great Dominican philosopher-saint.

Seventy-seven colleges and universities have been damaged or destroyed by the Japanese in China. Three thousand libraries and museums were lost, and the number of high schools and elementary schools sharing the same fate reached 130,000. All together, property damage amounted to more than \$500 million.

What makes the role of the Chinese educators uniquely heroic is not the extent of the damage they suffered but the steps they took to keep education alive in the face of these assaults. They actually moved as many institutions as possible 500 to 1,000 miles into the interior provinces; faculties, students, books, and equipment sharing the roads with soldiers, often under enemy fire and bombing raids. The students traveled on foot, slept by night under the sky, ate what they could carry or beg, studied and were taught wherever it was possible to halt with safety. Nowhere were the students considered slackers by the soldiers who passed them on the roads.

More than that, for the past seven years in which China has been at war, the number of college students has increased from 41,000 to 60,000, and the number in the lower grades from 21 million to 49 million. Leading spirit of this magnificent work was Dr. Chen Li-fu, minister of education.

Jesuit Missions (Nov. '43).

Mass Among Orchids

By CHAPLAIN JAMES RICE, C.S.S.R., U.S.N.

Orchids and orchids

Condensed from a letter to his mother*

The trip to the native village was a mighty bumpy jeep ride. The highway was a dried up river bed. All along the banks were deep caverns, scooped out by the rushing currents of long ago, pitted in places now by the explosions of recent warfare. Only a few months ago they were the hideouts of Jap snipers; and it must have taken plenty of Marine heroism to dislodge them. I could see the rusted remnants of machine guns still poking their ugly barrels from the caves. I could see the clean white skeletons still clutching the rusted triggers in their hands.

I investigated some of these caverns, and found them littered with Jap helmets and scattered food rations. I came across one skull that was mute witness to the ferocity of battle: with a bayonet stab going right through the eyesocket and emerging at the back of the head. The rags of his uniform still clung to his bones.

I climbed a cliff to a shaded prominence above where the Japs' encampment had been. Foxholes were all over the place. The Japs had the habit of digging their shelters under the roots of the large mahogany trees for protection against bombing. The bombs crash against the treetops and then glance off. Another thing about Jap foxholes: they have two entrances so that if

rushed from one end the sniper can escape from the other; this plan has the additional advantage of enabling him to shoot from two different positions. Trees still had little laths nailed to the trunks to facilitate rapid climbing; long ladders of liana vine still swung from trees, where the snipers had lurked.

Sliding back down the slippery jungle hillside, I got back again to my river-bed boulevard and set off again. A few times I held my breath as we rocketed over a smooth boulder the size of a bathtub, or hurtled over a fallen tree. After a few miles I met a trickle of water; then it got deeper, so that the jeep went along, like a giant waterbug, up to its fenders in the swirling river. Soon I spied the clearing in the jungle that marked the native village. I tooted the horn to announce my arrival. The natives rushed out to greet me with smiling faces; they remembered me from once before. "*Eenow na patere*" ("I am the priest"), I shouted to them. Though I was caked with red mud and already soaked to the skin, they would not let me cross the stream: they must carry me.

Entering the village, the whole tribe gathered around to kiss the priest's hand. Even the babes in arms—their mothers would push their hands forward to grasp mine and then lift it to

*Nov. 20, 1943. As reprinted in *Our Lady of Perpetual Help*, Mount Saint Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. January, 1944.

the little lips. After the formalities of greeting, I had the chief announce that I would hear confessions. At once they all lined up; soon out of nowhere a very comfortable chair was brought, covered with an immaculate cloth. And so in the shadow of a banana tree I sat and heard the tribe's confessions. As each one left, there was a strange tinkle against metal; I later discovered that they were keeping track of the Communions for tomorrow, by dropping seashells into an old Jap bomb casing. I was able to hear confessions in their native tongue because the chief provided me with a list of expressions so I could recognize the sins.

The following morning about 100 natives were on hand to welcome me. The village had been transformed into a florist's paradise overnight! I could hardly believe my eyes. These poor devout people had scoured the jungles for all the orchids they could lay hands on. I wonder what fabulous price my altar would have cost in Manhattan—it was a mass of live orchids. And on the ground they had an exquisite hand-woven carpet, used only when the priest comes to say Mass.

During Mass they sang hymns in their native tongue, in four-part harmony, no less. After the Consecration they sang *Adoro Te* and *O Salutaris* in faultless Latin. To add to my amazement, they also answered the *Ave Ma-*

ria and the *Salve Regina* after Mass. I could hardly believe my ears—the idea of hearing Latin in the South Seas! But these people are full of surprises. After Mass they bade me sit down. They had composed a song in their native tongue in my honor because I had moved their entire village with Navy trucks a few weeks ago, and had given them flour and rice for their baking.

Here is an English translation of their song:

*Two weeks ago
We go away from Father Rice;
Then we are glad to see you again,
Our loving Father.
Today we all have for you,
Father Rice, a musical surprise.
We pray to God for you.
We all find out
The love of God is in you.
You are true to us, and help us through.
You are American, you work night and
day.
You are soldier strong,
And you kill them all—
The soldiers of Tojo.*

That song was also sung in four-part harmony; and after the concert the ladies came and presented me with grass skirts and native money. It was their way of showing their gratitude for the favor I had done them; and when it was finally time to go, they thronged to the river bank to wave me farewell.

The first rule of Christian charity is to believe no evil if we have seen none, and to be silent if we have seen it.

Pope Clement XIV.

Farmer at Forty Hours

By ALBERT EISELE

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

Tapers through tears

Peter Grebner rose at dawn and went to bring in the cows. He felt too tired to tie his shoes; and so he walked with unlaced footgear across the dewy pasture. He felt a sort of disinterested pleasure in the clear November morning. He brought the cows home and milked them, hurried through breakfast, and soon, with his wife and their daughter Mary, was on the way to Mass.

It was Monday, and very unusual for them to be going to Mass on this first of the weekdays, but the Forty Hours was beginning, and the Grebners always made the Forty Hours. Mass was at 6:30, and they were not late. As the sun burst over the clouds, the interior of the church lit up as from a sudden flame. The rays shining through the windows projected patches of color on the opposite wall.

A railingful of people received Holy Communion. These were the ones who had received yesterday. The main body of the parish would go to confession tonight, following the evening services, and they would receive on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The priest in charge entered the pulpit. It was not good old Father Finnegan, the pastor, but a strange priest, slight of build, and mild-mannered. He made some announcements, and followed these with a short discourse

on Catholic doctrine. The main sermon of the day would be tonight. Soon church was out and the Grebners went home.

Peter Grebner had finished husking his corn, but there was still much other work to be done before winter came. All afternoon he hauled fodder.

In the evening the Grebners went to church again. First there was the Rosary, and then the sermon by the visiting priest. The sermon was scholarly and kindly, but Peter Grebner from where he sat could see four parishioners in familiar sleep. The sermon progressed. Old Grandfather Kissner arose in his pew; Grandmother Kissner, who was sitting beside him, pulled hastily at his coat and he sat down again. Grandfather Kissner was childish, but grandmother always brought him to church with her, and for some reason he was always getting it into his head that Mass was over. He always wanted to go, go, go.

The sermon drew gracefully to a close and Peter Grebner felt grateful, for his feet were beginning to hurt. His Sunday shoes were not exactly new, but they hurt his feet if he wore them too often.

The penitents lined up for confession. There was a long line before both confessionals. In one sat Father Finnegan, in the other the visiting priest.

**Notre Dame, Ind. Jan. 1, 1944.*

Peter Grebner, for a change, chose the latter.

The confessions went on, with the strange priest hearing them almost as fast as Father Finnegan. That was unusual, for whenever there was a strange confessor, he usually drew the more sorely afflicted. And to shrive the sorely afflicted took somewhat more time, which seemed natural enough. But tonight the strange priest was turning out the goats almost as fast as Father Finnegan was turning out the sheep. And Peter felt grateful for that. For it seemed that the strange priest had a deep understanding of country people who, worn by the day's toil and often with many miles to go, were wont to become physically wearied with standing in line.

At last it was Peter's turn. He found the visiting priest gentle and understanding and pastorly. Peter said his penance, found his wife and daughter waiting, and they went home.

It was a relief to get out of his Sunday shoes. He fell asleep. But it seemed he had been asleep only a minute when his wife woke him, saying, "Peter! Mass is at 6:30; it's time to get up!"

He went out. The tree by the henhouse was white with roosting Leghorns. The birds caught the gleam of the moon, low in the west and still bright, and they shone like silver. Why did Leghorns always roost in trees? It was November, and time for all chickens to be housed.

He set out for the cows. One of his old shoes had lost its string, and he paused by the strawstack for a sheaf

twine. Around the strawstack the frost was heavy and sparkled in the moonlight. Peter selected a twine that had its knot in the exact middle, because no twine knot could be run through the eyelets.

They went to Mass, and received. The visiting priest gave a short homily on Catholic doctrine, but Peter's mind wandered. Catholic doctrine did not bother Peter, what bothered him was getting his pew rent paid and his fall work done. In the afternoon, Peter and his wife worshiped before the Blessed Sacrament from 3:00 to 3:15.

They reached home late in the afternoon, did their chores, and then set out again. "The gas and oil and everything cost us a dollar every time we go to church," Peter complained. His feet hurt, too. Sore feet from Sunday shoes was a sign of a lot of church.

The sermon was like the one on the evening previous, polished and kindly. Chronic sleepers dropped off almost immediately. Grandfather Kissner got up to go; his wife grabbed him by the coat and yanked him down again.

The collection was for the visiting priest. One had to be as generous as possible. But Peter Grebner was pinched for money. He didn't have his pew rent for the year paid yet. He knew that he ought to put in a dollar at least. But he had only a nickel handy, so he put that in. The spiritual riches which one obtained from the Forty Hours couldn't be paid for in silver anyway.

They drove home. The sky clouded over and it was turning colder.

Wednesday was the final day of the

Forty Hours, so the Grebners got up early again. It had snowed in the night, a wet snow, one that striped the trunks of the farmstead trees; and the striped trunks leaped into the air as Peter approached with his lantern. In his dilapidated shoes his feet became wet and

They attended Mass. There was the usual short talk, and a brief appearance by Father Finnegan, who said, "Those who have not yet made their contribution for the officiating priest may do so tonight."

"Peter, you made your contribution last night, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Grebner, as they drove home.

"Yes," said Peter. But he did not tell her that he had given only a miserable nickel. "Where is he from, I wonder?"

"From a little place up north, in the drought district," said Mrs. Grebner. "I forget the name of the town, but it is just a small parish, and a poor one, and somebody said that Father Finnegan felt sorry for this priest and had him come here so he could add a dollar or two to his scanty income."

When he had changed clothes, Peter hunted up his four-buckle overshoes. He needed new work shoes, but could not afford them until he sold his hogs. If the sun came out, the light snow would go, and then perhaps the old shoes would do for another week or so.

Peter had a two-wheel trailer. He pumped its tires and ran it to the granary, where he shoveled it full of oats. He hauled the oats to town. It was a small load, but it brought over \$7. Now he had a little money. One had to have money to work with.

In the evening the little church was crowded. Everyone had turned out for the closing services of the Forty Hours. Peter was just able to squeeze into his own pew. He left his hat in the aisle, but on second thought brought it inside—one time an awkward boy had squashed it with a genuflection.

Grandfather Kissner was in his pew. During the sermon he arose to go, but his watchful wife jerked him back by his worn coattails.

The sermon ended; the priest left the sanctuary, and the altar boys came out to light the additional candles for Benediction. The collectors appeared. Grandfather Kissner arose once more; his wife yanked him back; and there were those who maintained (those who sat behind him) that Grandfather Kissner was acting entirely normal.

Sometimes Peter had thought that the business of money should not be mixed up with the business of religion. Tonight, however, as he saw the thin visiting priest, he found himself wondering if he got enough to eat. That would be bad, not enough to eat!

Peter took out a dollar bill, folded it a little, and put it in the collection box. That was for the visiting priest. The visiting priest was his own brother in Christ and his brother in poverty.

The Forty Hours came to a close with the hymn *Holy God, We Praise Thy Name*. Peter joined with the singing, though he was never much for singing. But that was such a wonderful song. His eyes misted until all the Benediction tapers had golden lines running up and down from them.

The Battle for Belief

A work of faith

By CLARENCE E. MANION

Condensed from the *Notre Dame Alumnus**

On a train the other day I had the great luck to sit for two hours with a famous young bomber pilot. His talk was full of enthusiasm for his crew, but on the subject of his own job he was extremely grave and even more than modestly reserved. Finally he confessed that he was sorry to be in the "bomber business," as he called it, saying that he always wanted to be a fighter pilot with a ship all to himself. "In a fighter plane," he said, "the pilot pays for his own mistakes; in a bomber the whole crew has to foot the bill. One's sense of responsibility is terrific. You soon get to the point where it would be a great relief to risk only your own neck, off somewhere all by yourself."

This "terrific" sense of responsibility is forever taking the joy out of life.

Half a century ago few people in America would have doubted, and none would have denied, the inseparable connection between God and the government of the U. S. At Gettysburg, Lincoln summed up the then critical situation by recalling that the American nation was "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" and ended with a prayer that "under God" it might have a new birth of freedom. Thus, in 1863, in a speech that thrilled the country for the following fifty years, the thoroughly

religious political philosophy of the American Declaration of Independence was brought down to date and made into the predicate of Lincoln's fight to save the government that the Declaration had brought into existence. In 1776, when that philosophy was officially expressed, it met with a general popular acceptance in America which it had already enjoyed for many years. Long after writing the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson explained that his purpose in its composition had been "to place before mankind the *common sense* of the subject in terms so plain and firm as to command their assent and to justify ourselves in the independent stand we were compelled to take. Neither aiming at originality of principle or sentiment nor yet copied from any previous writing, it was intended to be an expression of the American Mind."

The "American Mind" from 1776 to, through, and long past Lincoln's time, accepted God, inalienable God-given rights, and the equality of men in God's sight as "self-evident" truths. In this same rugged and unsophisticated American Mind our government was merely man's agent for the protection of God's gifts. It accepted liberty of the individual person as the indispensable implementation of God's creative purpose geared to rewards and

**Notre Dame, Ind.* December, 1943.

punishments of a future life beyond the grave. To the American Mind that Jefferson knew and expressed, human freedom was a *sine qua non* of life on earth, precisely and only, because it was the purchase price of eternal salvation. There were atheists and agnostics then as now, but they did not formulate our political philosophy. Neither were they allowed to influence its development in our political institutions. Those institutions were rooted in religion and watered by the religious faith of every generation from Jefferson to Lincoln. The pioneers of American political principle were so clear and unequivocal upon the subject of God's place in their government, and upon the relationship of liberty and religion, that some of the very first American state constitutions contained provisions such as this: "The qualifications of electors shall be [after stating others] every person who acknowledges the being of a God and believes in a future state of rewards and punishments."

The framers of this provision shared the then general opinion that to a person not making such an acknowledgment and not entertaining such belief, human liberty failed to make sense, as indeed it does not. On this subject the American Mind supported the brilliant explanations of James Wilson. Wilson was one of only six men who signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the U. S. He was appointed by President Washington as one of the first associate justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. It may be assumed therefore, that he knew the

American Mind thoroughly and was qualified to speak it. With reference to the now popular theory that God and the moral law should be divorced from the civil governmental order, Justice Wilson wrote:

"If this be a just view of things then the consequence, undeniable and unavoidable, is that under civil government the rights of individuals to their private property, to their personal liberty, to their health, to their reputation and to their life, flow from a human establishment, and can be traced to no higher source. The connection between man and his natural rights is intercepted by the institution of civil society. If this view be a just view of things, then under civil society man is not only made *for*, but made *by* the government; he is nothing but what the society frames; he can claim nothing but what the society provides. His natural state and his natural rights are withdrawn altogether from notice."

The only alternative to the characterization of man as a creature of God is, as Justice Wilson says, the assumption "that man is not only made *for* but made *by* the government." This alternative is the very definition of tyranny. It is the essence of the Hiderism that has now cursed the world. But the alternative does not faze our modern skeptics who violently flay "fascism" while they glorify the materialistic philosophy of Supreme Court Justice Holmes, separated from Wilson by a century of time and by impassable barriers of doubt and determinism.

Right now these skeptics are "riding

herd" on the believers. As surely as the philosophy of James Wilson both reflected and invigorated the American Mind of the 18th century, just as surely is the philosophy of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes now working to disintegrate and destroy it in the 20th. Whereas Wilson regarded man as "a natural person formed by the great Author of nature," Holmes saw man merely as "a certain complex of energies" which could "make syllogisms" as distinguished from another "complex of energies" which could simply "wag its tail."

The Holmes philosophy of force is followed by hundreds of distinguished writers and by thousands of undistinguished but persistent "intellectuals" who make their "syllogisms" or merely "wag their tails," depending upon the "certain complex of energies" to

which they have elected to belong. The painful part of this attack upon the American Mind is the failure of the attacking forces to perceive that which the framers of the Declaration of Independence clearly understood: that, without God and eternity, human liberty becomes completely illogical; that, to the intelligent liberty-loving "democratic" pragmatist, God is necessary if only because God is the one support and maintenance of true liberty and human equality. The traditional American Mind may be disintegrated, before we know it, by people who are not at all clear about what they are doing. Time is short. It is too late to go off like the fighter pilot and take the risks by ourselves. We are in the "bomber business": the battle for belief is upon us. The faithful made up the American Mind. Only the faithful can save it.



Announcement

It has been our custom to give a free subscription to the CATHOLIC DIGEST to one senior of each graduating class who "has done the best writing" during his or her high-school course. This year we are forced by paper restrictions, ordered by the War Production Board, to suspend that grant. Perhaps we can reinstate it next year. Meanwhile, copies of the CATHOLIC DIGEST are scarce. Please share yours with your friends.

Why the Pope Lives at Rome

By DON SHARKEY

Ancient, evident reason

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

Hitler was able to put Vatican City under his "protection" and make Pope Pius XII virtually a prisoner because Vatican City happens to be surrounded by Rome, the capital of Germany's former ally. When the Germans seized Rome, after the Italians had surrendered, they automatically encircled the tiny papal domain. So do chance and geography influence the course of history.

Why should the Pope be living at the Vatican? To find the answer we must go back to the first Pope, St. Peter. After the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles, St. Peter traveled extensively to establish the kingdom of Christ throughout the civilized world. There is no complete record of his travels, but it is known that he arrived in Rome about 42 A. D. and became that city's first bishop.

There were other bishops in other cities, but all acknowledged Peter as first among them. His word was always accepted as final. Had not our Lord Himself made Peter the head of His Church?

St. Peter was put to death in Rome around 67 A.D., whereupon St. Linus became second bishop of Rome. Even though several of the original 12 apostles were still living, the Catholics of the world looked to Linus as their supreme leader, for as bishop of Rome he

was the successor of St. Peter. From that time the bishop of Rome has always been the head of the Catholic Church.

That then is the reason Rome became the center of the Christian world: because St. Peter established himself there and died there.

But why the particular section of Rome that is called the Vatican? That is a longer story.

The Vatican was now and then referred to by writers who lived before the time of Christ, but most of the references were unflattering. There was a hill in the middle of the district, and the land around it was largely swamp. Cicero, Tacitus and many others tell us that the section was known for its unhealthy air; and Martial said, "If you drink Vatican wine, you drink poison."

The area could not have been entirely swamp, for it was here that Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus is said to have had his little four-acre farm. This was five centuries before the birth of Christ. At that time, so the story goes, Rome was meeting defeat after defeat in its war with the Aequians. In desperation the government decided that a dictator was Rome's only hope. Cincinnatus was the unanimous choice for the post.

The envoys sent to summon Cincinnatus found him plowing on his farm. When he heard that his country need-

**St. Benedict, Ore.* January, 1944.

ed him, he left the farm and rushed into the city. There he was received with great acclaim as the only one who could save Rome from her peril. Under his direction the Aequians were defeated in 16 days. Cincinnatus, his task performed, relinquished his title and happily returned to his farm.

The first important building to be erected in this quarter was a circus (race track) built by the emperor Caligula a few years before the death of our Lord. It was here the first persecutions of the Christians took place. The fiendish Nero looked on gleefully while the Christians were burned, torn to pieces by hungry lions, or put to death in a hundred other horrible ways.

St. Peter was among the Christians who met their death in this circus. St. Paul, being a Roman citizen, was given the privilege of being beheaded; but Peter was sentenced to die the ignominious death of crucifixion. The first Pontiff went to his death serenely. According to tradition, he made only one request. He said that he was not worthy to die in the same manner as his Master had, and begged to be crucified upside down. This request, it is said, was granted. Thus died Peter the Fisherman, first of the Popes.

The bodies of martyred Christians usually were not carried very far from the scene of their death. Peter, along with many others, was buried in a vault just outside the circus. St. Anaclethus (or Cletus), the third Pope, built a little chapel over the vault, which became the forerunner of the present great basilica of St. Peter, the world's

largest church. It may also be said to have been the beginning of the Vatican, as we know it. Peter's body was removed from the vault, but it was restored to its original resting place during the reign of the emperor Constantine the Great. There it has remained for the centuries since.

With the reign of Constantine, three centuries of persecution came to an end. Constantine began the erection of a great church on the spot where St. Peter was buried. Work began in 324 A.D., and Constantine is said to have initiated it by carrying 12 basketloads of earth in honor of the 12 apostles. Part of the wall of the old circus was used in the construction of the church. The main altar was erected just over the tomb of the apostles. Constantine's basilica was not completed until 349, in the reign of Constantius.

This was the first basilica of St. Peter. It stood until 1506, or more than 1,000 years. It was about half the size of the present basilica, but it was the largest in the world at that time and the most magnificent.

Only once in the 16 centuries that have passed since the erection of the basilica of Constantine has the original tomb of St. Peter been seen by mortal eyes. In 1602 or 1603, workmen laying the foundation for the present church accidentally fractured the ancient vault and revealed its interior. Pope Clement VIII rushed to the scene with Cardinal Bellarmine and several other cardinals. Falling to his knees, the Pontiff reverently contemplated the gold cross on the bronze encasement of the sarcoph-

agus. The cross had been placed there by Helen, the mother of Constantine. The opening was walled up in the presence of Pope Clement and has remained sealed ever since.

For centuries the Popes lived at the Lateran palace, which Constantine had built for them on the other side of Rome. The Lateran basilica was their cathedral church and has remained so to this day. They frequently visited the Vatican basilica, however, for special ceremonies.

The journey across Rome was a long dusty one in those days, and so it was necessary to have buildings near the Vatican basilica where the Popes and their attendants could rest and sometimes spend the night. The priests in charge of the basilica and the guardians of St. Peter's tomb also had to have lodgings.

Buildings for such needs were the first to cluster about St. Peter's. By 752 there were four monasteries in the district, and a number of mausoleums.

In 846 the Vatican was overrun by Saracen invaders. After they had been driven off, Pope Leo IV enclosed the Vatican within a great wall. The land inside was called the Leonine City and remained separate from the city of Rome until the 16th century, when

Pope Sixtus V placed it under the jurisdiction of the officials of Rome.

During the centuries that followed, the Vatican continued to grow. In the 13th century Pope Nicholas III began the erection of a great palace and secured land for the Vatican gardens. The Vatican of today was taking form.

In the centuries that followed, many changes were made. The 1,200-year-old basilica of Constantine was torn down and the present basilica erected. The Sistine chapel was built, and was decorated by Michelangelo.

Under the reign of the last Pope, Pius XI, telephone and telegraph systems were installed. Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of radio, constructed a broadcasting station there. Railroad tracks were laid and a little white stone station was built. The post office was enlarged. The first automobiles were introduced.

Pope Pius XII found himself imprisoned in the Vatican in 1943 because St. Peter was buried there in the year 67. The life of the 262nd Pope is directly influenced by the death of the first Pope, a striking example of the unbroken succession of the papacy. Of all the institutions on earth, only the Catholic Church can lay claim to such a record.



We Remember

Let everyone remember that the fascist regime, when it begins a war, fights it to a finish and leaves but a desert behind.

Benito Mussolini (May 13, 1929).

Gauntlet from Chicago

Critics who are welcome

By FRANCIS B. SULLIVAN, C.P.P.S.

Condensed from *Nuntius Aulac**

Robert Maynard Hutchins is not a backslapper. He would much rather slap your face and no doubt would do it well, for he is an old hand now. Mr. Hutchins began his cantankerous career in Yale Law School and at the ripe old age of 30 he was made president of Chicago University.

In years his aptitude for criticizing, rebuking, tradition-breaking have come to full flower. He insists on running the university as he sees fit—a fearful shock to the trustees; he has wounded the faculty by telling them they are not sufficiently educated to have a common basis of discussion; he brought tears to the alumni by letting the football team become a laughing stock. His “Chicago Plan” has made class attendance optional, reduced the residence requirements, permitted students to take their exams whenever they get ready, and outraged every accrediting standard by granting a B.A. degree at the end of the sophomore year. Nor is he perturbed by opposition: from criticizing the university’s educational system, he has passed on to censuring American education on every level: contemporary philosophy, sociology, and ethics, and the whole nucleus of ideas underlying modern culture. As one ebullient follower puts it, “Hutchins is just a natural-born, stem-winding hell raiser.”

Catholic education, too, has met the disapproval of his critical eye. In itself that is not surprising; a host of non-Catholic educators have heaped abuse upon it. But, Hutchins’ criticism is different to such an extent that intellectual fair play demands a hearing for him. Hutchins does not carp; he cannot be dismissed as another caviling critic pouring out his spleen on Rome. His criticism is friendly, objective.

In this connection we must mention his colleague, the philosophical Adler. Hutchins met the young psychologist and logician at Yale. The two men came to Chicago together, where they have since fought the same fights. Mortimer Adler is a devastating dialectician. He has espoused the cause of Scholastic philosophy and defended it with brilliance, with so much brilliance, in fact, that Hutchins has become a zealous convert.

Hutchins and Adler criticize Catholics precisely because they are not Catholic enough! They have emphasized that they have nothing new to suggest, that they merely want Catholics to be faithful to their own intellectual inheritance. Their educational ideals, they say, are merely the educational order of the Greek and medieval world, which Catholics have neglected, while “imitating the worst features of secular education.”

*St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. January, 1944.

Hutchins discovered the impossibility of reforming the educational system when the cultural framework supporting it was unsympathetic. The argument was pushed back to philosophical grounds. Hutchins has endeavored to show, first, that philosophy is knowledge, and secondly, that man is rational: commonplaces to a scholastic mind, but dangerous and "authoritarian" to the phenomenalist and positivist opponents.

The rapid progress of experimental science has been the occasion for denying the validity of philosophical knowledge. And science has uncovered much truth. Hutchins opposes so many devotees of science not because they say they possess truth but because they say they have the only truth. They say truth is only what laboratory science has proved. Mr. Hutchins attacks this naive faith in technology. Science can build more and better automobiles, but is mute about who should have them and what should be done with them. The absurdity of identifying human progress with advance in technology is shown by the "coincidence of the zenith of technology and the nadir of moral and political life." Empirical science is an instrument in the hands of the moral and political principles which govern man's private and social living, and these principles in turn are based on metaphysics, ultimate body of truth known by reason.

Positivism spawned materialism. If the soul and its faculties cannot be examined under microscopes then the soul does not exist. Empirical psychol-

ogy can account for whatever minor differences are noted between man and ape. For spiritual values has been substituted a crude ideal of bodily comfort; "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." Against this materialism Hutchins has vigorously supported the dignity of the human person.

"The specific quality of human nature is that man is a rational spiritual being and animals are not. The happiness of men, which is the aim of their lives, consists in the fulfillment of their natures, in the fullest exercise of their highest powers; that is, in living in accord with virtue and intelligence."

The educational system of a people will reflect their ideals. If people spurn metaphysics, the science which governs the whole of reality, if they repudiate wisdom and goodness as ends of life, their educational system must be one without order. Robert Hutchins accuses American education of just such confusion. Since there is no principle of order, specialization and departmentalism have proliferated in American universities.

"Though it is possible to get an education in an American university, a man would have to be so bright and know so much to get it that he would not really need it. Today the young American comprehends the intellectual tradition, of which he is a part, only by accident; for its scattered and disjointed fragments are strewn from one end of the campus to the other."

An indication of confusion is vocational training which does not even do

what the name implies. Technological changes are so rapid that the training given in schools is already obsolescent. And they are merely teaching people how to earn a living before the business of living really begins.

Electivism, Eliot's brain child, is another reflection of current confusion. This cafeteria style of education permits the student to take whatever appeals to him. It presupposes that he is sufficiently learned to prescribe the remedy for his own ignorance. He ordinarily selects the path of least resistance and chooses subjects which require little work and impart practically no learning.

Grubbing materialists have made a hodgepodge of education. Accepting donations that cripple academic freedom; keeping the curriculum "up to date" by introducing such courses as cosmetology and drum-majoring to cater to the public; amusing and pampering students—all such prostitutions of learning result from the attempt to serve both education and mammon.

But the men from Chicago have not stopped at a diagnosis. They also have prescribed. The schools must recognize that man has an intellect which can transcend the data of sense, and which can make abstractions and philosophize. Metaphysics must return to American universities, as the supreme wisdom, the queen of human science, which will flood knowledge with light and show the relations among all its parts.

Philosophy will give the student a basis for his entire life, spiritual, moral, and intellectual. The important and

specific contribution of the university to the purpose of life is that it cultivates the intellectual virtues.

Hutchins would use the term "education" in two ways. In a broad sense, it means the development of all human capacities, in which sense we educate "the whole man." But strictly, education has a proximate purpose different from other activities. Progress in moral virtue must go on in a university, because man always remains a moral and social creature, even in school. The specific contribution of higher learning is that it gives the student a rational basis for moral life; it shows the relation between moral and intellectual virtues. The moral habits, which perfect our appetites, are guided by prudence, an intellectual virtue, which in turn is based on understanding; while understanding depends on wisdom, the habit of grasping first principles and first causes. Because educators had lost sight of the intellectual nature of education they tried and failed to do the work of church, state, family, and all the other agencies which contribute to the formation of youth.

A Catholic looks on these ideas and sees that they are good. Minor differences appear, but Catholics have no quarrel with the general outline. It is a source of real encouragement to see men outside the Church opposing the truncated concept of human nature so prevalent today. The very fact of their non-Catholicity gains an audience that would laugh at Catholics propounding the same ideas.

In considering how Hutchins' and

Adler's criticism applies to Catholic institutions, we should remember that they are talking about natural education only; and they concern themselves with means only in speaking to Catholics. Catholic institutions alone have the right ends of education today. The ends, even of natural education, which are knowable by reason, have a relation to the revealed truths of the Catholic religion, and are thus supported by a dogmatic confirmation. Catholics, because they also possess the supernatural ends, have the *complete* right ends of education, while Hutchins and Adler have only part of the right ends, the natural ones, the ends in terms of natural virtue and of temporal happiness. The point they make is that Catholics, though they know the ends, have little more success than non-Catholics, because they misuse the means. These means are not confirmed dogmatically and are therefore subject to criticism. The truth of Catholic philosophy, for instance, does not guarantee it will be taught well.

The Chicago educators insist that the very greatest books of western culture should be the material for exercise. The books are original communications of thought, and were written for people who have sufficient liberal skill to read matter above their present understanding, thus pulling themselves up by their own intellectual bootstraps. Textbooks will not do, for they try to place truth in the student's mind without making him undergo the complex process of assimilating it. They organize the matter for passive absorption,

though learning is essentially active. They are "predigested pap," and if one is continually fed upon them, his intellectual teeth never become sufficiently sharp to consume anything more solid than mush. Mr. Adler states in no uncertain terms that he is convinced just such mush is the staple diet in Catholic institutions whose graduates "have not read the outstanding great authors in their own philosophical tradition. They have not read Plato and Aristotle, St. Augustine and St. Thomas, except, perhaps, in excerpts and quotations. They have never read a great original work in theology."

Liberal arts, of course, are not sought for their own sake, for as an intellectual method dialectic and sophistry are one. But they are not merely means, but absolutely indispensable means. Until a man becomes a competent liberal artist, he does not have the intellectual equipment for mastering the speculative virtues. He can be indoctrinated, can have his memory stuffed with formulas, but he is incapable of the activity of learning.

They claim Catholicity for their proposals. Plato first formulated this educational order. The medieval universities reduced his ideal to practice by demanding competence in the liberal arts as a prerequisite for entrance. (The idea is not original with St. John's College at Annapolis, Md., which merely restores the medieval tradition, a peculiarly Catholic tradition.)

Hutchins and Adler tell us that the human mind comes to knowledge in two ways, by discovery and instruction.

It is by teaching that the average person acquires most of his knowledge. But this cannot be the only way of learning, since in such case, all human knowledge would have been closed with the first man. Some men must arrive at knowledge without help, which method we call discovery. In fact, discovery is the natural form of learning, though the less common. The one who is taught works on the discourse of his teacher, while a discoverer works on nature itself.

Teaching must imitate discovery, as art imitates nature. The same essential intellectual processes must function in both cases, for the principal cause of learning is the same, the active intellect of the learner. Current educational practice, even in Catholic schools, proceeds as if the teacher were the chief cause of learning, although the very heart of Thomistic educational philosophy is that the teacher is only secondary, the active intellect of the pupil being the principal cause.

Textbooks and lectures are not effective in leading to wisdom. They give to the student simple and easily memoriz-

able answers to difficult problems, and thus make it possible for him to pass examinations with a minimum of effort, but they do not interest him in the more important and difficult business of learning. The ideal method of teaching is the Socratic, dialectical one. It puts a premium on questions, rather than answers; it forces the one learning to think by making him defend a verbally correct answer against dialectical attack. It develops in him a genuine appreciation of the truth by giving him a "vital experience of error"—by showing him the real perplexities the truth resolves, instead of setting up straw dummies for easy conquest, as the memory manuals do.

So much of the criticism directed at Catholics in the past few centuries has been viciously motivated that they instinctively have developed a blind callousness to criticism from those who do not have the faith. But zeal for truth must prompt us to discriminate among our critics. The criticism of Hutchins and Adler, whether true or false, is of such a kind as to merit frank and courteous consideration.



Want Better Sermons?

Some day some Catholic is going to hear a good sermon. He will go home and write a letter to the pastor saying, "Father, that was a good sermon you preached today. I learned a lot from it. It helped me. I am enclosing a \$10 bill for you for a good dinner, a box of cigars or whatever else you enjoy. Thank you very much."

It won't ever happen to me because I'm too old now. But it will happen to some priest some day, and the incident will make a wonderful preacher out of him.

From a letter to the editor.

Babies Boost Real Estate

By LOUIS H. PINK

Red tape becomes scorpion

Reprint of a letter

Mr. Pink, who is director of the Manhattan OPA Area Rent Office, wrote the following on Dec. 13, 1943, in reply to an application by Mrs. M. Muldberg, a landlady:

Your request for permission to increase rent because your tenant has had a baby is before me.

The argument you cite that the Rent Director in Portland, Ore., has permitted an increase in rent because a baby was born is interesting, but is in no way binding upon me. His ruling is, I think, contrary to the regulations of the *OPA Manual on Rent Control* which provide:

"Adjustment should not be made for each individual change in the number of occupants but only where the difference in number is substantial.

"The birth of a child would not constitute a substantial increase in occupancy."

In Portland the population is growing very fast and babies are not as much appreciated as they are in New York. One trouble with real estate in this city has been that there are not enough babies. Young people who live in one and two-room apartments have babies but they move out of the city in order to give their children a chance for air and recreation. While occupancy is very high at the present time it has not been so in the past in New

York City. The main reason is we have not had enough babies.

In *New York Plans for the Future*, a stimulating book written by Cleveland Rodgers of the City Planning Commission, he has entitled one of the chapters, "Babies and Real Estate Values." He says, "practically every substantial investment in New York City real estate is predicated upon increasing, or at least on maintaining, the present total population."

It is true that, under the regulation, a landlord may raise the rent if there is a substantial change in occupancy. If a mother-in-law and one or two other relatives move in on a couple in a two or three-room apartment, that would undoubtedly be justification for a substantial increase. We had a case the other day where a small apartment was rented presumably to man and wife, and a whole tribe of gypsies moved in. This also undoubtedly justifies an increase in rent, or better yet, action by the Municipal or County Health Department.

If you have any other reason for an increase, justifiable by the regulations, you should file an amended petition, but I cannot help you out because your tenant has a baby. Your tenant has done a service to all landlords in New York.

Pachuco Problem

Not too involved

By a Sister of Social Service

Condensed from the *Dove**

Since the uprisings of last spring and the publicity and propaganda following, there has been much said about the newest phenomenon of gangism, the so-called "zoot-suiters," often with the implication that a zoot-suiter is a delinquent.

In our neighborhood in Los Angeles the young member of the gang, though he wears a zoot-suit, does not call himself a zoot-suiter; neither does he term his fantastic outfit, in appearance somewhat of the style of an antiquated undertaker's, by its newspaper title. He calls it "drapes." Fritz Redl, in the *Survey Midmonthly* for October, likened the zoot-suiter to the college fraternity member. The phenomenon is, he thinks, merely an expression of revolt against conventional standards of society into which the boy as man later settles down. We recall the era of the raccoon coat and the bell-bottom trousers and think the fuss made about the zoot-suit of 1943 youth more ridiculous than the fashion itself. It isn't what a boy wears that makes him good or bad.

The equivalent of the term *zoot-suiter* in these parts is *pachuco*, with the accompanying feminine *pachuca*. So far as we can learn, the term migrated from Texas, and is particularly attached to El Paso. Its origin there we do not know. If you belong to the gang you are a pachuco, zoot-suit or no zoot-

suit. Not all of them wear it, by any means. Drapes: a long coat, a collarless shirt, and heavy-soled shoes — these make up the outfit. The pachuca, the gang girl, was perhaps more identified by her appearance than the boy, with her pompadour, sweater, short skirt, and bobbie socks, all usually black. It was said that some of these extravagant pompadours concealed weapons. Some of them might indeed well harbor a modern machine gun but I have never found anything in them more harmful than a "rat."

In spite of such general conclusions, every pachuco is not a delinquent. Every adolescent, if you will, is a potential delinquent but not every member of a youth gang, pachuco or whatever, is a delinquent. If you look into the background of those youngsters, you would marvel that they aren't all rebels of the worst type. Their parents are very poor. Around here they are of the group which forms our largest minority, the Mexican people. The heads of these families, fathers or widowed mothers, are honest, easygoing folk. With little education and hampered by ignorance of the language, they are exploited and discriminated against and are given as a means of livelihood only the labor that others will not do. Existing on the rim of poverty, brought up in a conflict of cultures, their American-

*1120 Westchester Pl., Los Angeles, 6, Calif. December, 1943.

born children try to make their way in a world that gives little help and understanding. In deteriorated areas, in congested quarters, there are only the streets for play and recreation. Watched and suspected at every turn, even by the police, they develop a hostile attitude to society, and find security only within the gang, which is after all but a natural expression of the social being. They develop an intense loyalty to the group and the other members, and thus we have the gang feuds.

The boy who is set up as leader of the group usually has great influence. In a meeting of about 30 of a well-known gang, I have seen the leader order one of them to go and sit in a corner because he was disorderly, and the boy went without a word. At the same meeting another boy was applauded when he said he had skipped football practice to come to the special meeting.

From all sides, as I went on my visits in the district, I found worry and fear, heartaches, and utter inability to handle the problem of our growing boys. And now that nice young Salvador who had always respected the authority of his mother was under suspicion of hanging around with a gang and getting into trouble. The boys were accused of a stabbing that was whispered about, of the American woman who ran a shoddy hotel on "N" St. This same woman, hale and hearty, answered my ring when I went to investigate, however, and gave me some information about wild girls, 15-year-olds, said to be from Texas, here with no families, sleeping

wherever they would be taken in and drinking and carousing until all hours, even beyond the limits of this questionable hotel's propriety.

I simply had to do something. Gangs have to have a hangout of their own, be it drugstore, garage, or shack. The "N" St. crowd used the small neighborhood theater, and boys and girls met there to smoke and drink and to imitate the filthy actions they saw on the screen. The owner is deaf and interested only in the money he can collect.

I found Salvador in bed, supposedly sick, when I next visited the family. I think he was sick of life and himself and of his mother, who was full of complaints and against whom Salvador held a grudge because she would not call him by his gang name, Gopher. Seemingly I took Salvador's part, knowing I could fix it up with his mother later, and became his friend. Casually I brought out my idea of a store for a hangout, whereupon Salvador became well instantly and in 15 minutes was off consulting with the leaders of the gang. Every time I met a boy of that age the rest of the week I could identify him with the gang because of the furtive glance or whisper I got to show that they were in on the plan.

According to secret arrangements, two of the elders of the gang, the elders being the Big Four who control the group, met me after the meeting of the older girls' and boys' club, and we discussed my idea. My suggestion that they were welcome to use the large hall we have as a neighborhood Center

was reluctantly accepted only for the athletic equipment and until the real hangout would be ready. To impose a structure, no matter how splendid, or any ready-made program on such a group is impossible. They have their own ideas of what they want.

Twenty-seven boys appeared at our first meeting, presenting every type from a Hollywood hero to a perfect junior number for a rogues gallery. Joey the Wolf, with his pencil and notebook and list of the gang, led the meeting, helped by Nicho, whose mental rating is not too high. No parliamentary affair was more orderly than that meeting, for Joey exercises a puzzling control over the gang. Joey says he learned how to run the gang from a course in Social Living he once took in school. Joey started the meeting by saying, "Sister called youse guys together to keep you out of trouble!" Sister shuddered at the exposure but they all agreed it was a good idea.

I spent every spare minute looking for an empty store, chanting the Litany of the Saints as I went, for I thought some of the heavenly ones should have a personal interest in my problem. Finally I secured a perfect place: two large stores opening into one another. The boys became enthusiastic to fix up the place and one day as I got off the car on busy "N" St. I was surrounded by the gang wielding brooms ready for the big cleaning. As we worked we talked and planned and I learned more and more. Even Carlos, playboy of the gang, who always keeps in role and who says very plainly he doesn't intend

to work — even he condescended to help. He assumes an advisory capacity and often tells me, "I advise against it, Sister." Playboy and Teahound are the handsome, better-dressed members. Teahound smokes as collegiate-looking a pipe as ever was found in Yale or Harvard, and has a charm that will easily get him into trouble. Playboy was advising against any kind of dice or card games, though I am sure he is as slick a young gambler as there is.

Another of Joey's accomplishments is plastering; he supervises the filling of holes in the wall. It is interesting how things come out in the midst of work in common. Dripping with plaster, one of the boys edged up to me and confessed, "Sister, I ain't made my First Communion, how kin I learn?" Another plasterer, overhearing, added, "Me, too." These boys for the most part have not been near the Church since their First Communion, if they have yet even received.

The boys have all kinds of ideas for their "clubrooms." They want one room nice and attractive, with davenport, tables, chairs and lamps, and the other room for games of all kinds, with a jukebox put down as the first necessity. Seeing some of their homes helps one to understand their longing for warm and pleasant surroundings.

Joey, the leader, threatens dire penalties for the one who will dare to write on the walls, which they chose to paint a soft green. He has also very drastic notions about prompt payment of dues and fines for tardiness and absence without a dispensation. In their rules

and regulations it is ordered that "all hardware has to be checked at the door." Their "hardware" consists of pocketknives and lead pencils.

When the boys were discussing the name for their gang, the suggestions varied from Puma Cubs to "N" St. Seniors, with all in favor of discarding their former name of Tigers. As an identifying element, sweaters won popular acclaim, and although someone suggested pink, black is the favorite color. Black affords more mystery and gruesomeness. They aspire to the athletic fame they read about and are eager to play football and basketball and to box. Beaver, their boxing champion, is a shifty-eyed young moron type who fascinated the other Sister in the gang as he sat beside her during a meeting cutting off the surplus skin on his hands with the efficient-looking blade of his pocketknife.

The boys look upon this hangout of

theirs as a place of security and they naively asked if they could "hire a cop to protect them." They say they are often bothered by the representatives of the law, who sometimes stop them as early as 7:30 in the evening, line them up and, as the boys put it, "frisk" them. In confidence, they tell me of how they are treated by the officers and how it makes them want to do something to get back at this injustice. "Of course," they say, "if we would strike or kick back when they are beating us, we would be shot immediately and it would be called self-defense."

And so you have the beginning of my gang who, though they say they are pachucos, do not want to be called by that name—why, I have yet to discover. The mothers of the district keep me informed of happenings and promise to cooperate by trying to understand the boys and being reasonable in dealing with them.

Flights of Fancy

She screamed my head off.—*Barbara Nix.*

Her smile was like a flag flying.—*Marian Sims.*

Courage is fear that has said its prayers.—*Dorothy Bernard.*

Chewing her gum at the top of her voice.—*Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*

Votive lights like a flaming typewriter keyboard.—*Charlton Fortune.*

People crouching on the floor like half-created beings.—*Addison Burbank.*

He had stopped growing at both ends, but not in the middle.—*Landy Lester Keffler.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

They're Proud of Casey

By HAROLD J. McAULIFF, S.J.

It's easy after you know how

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

A wide smile breaks over Bob Casey's round, red face; his blue eyes twinkle like stars beneath his bushy, graying eyebrows; and his expansive forehead loses some of its furrows as he tells you his coloring is oyster white, his political party the Whig, and his favorite sport weight-lifting.

Whisper the word *editor* to him and watch the change. The ace reporter and war correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, who calls himself the Big Harp, doesn't care for editors. A censor can cut the life out of a story and Bob insists on his stories having life. Quentin Reynolds, who met him in France, says Casey's "fat fingers had the lightest touch on a typewriter I ever saw. Casey was so far ahead of us not only in reportorial ability but in sheer writing that, instead of being jealous of him, we were merely proud that he was a member of our profession."

After the fall of France, Casey reached London in time for the German blitz. That was no fun, even for one who in the first World War had won a captain's commission and three citations and the Silver Star medal for bravery. His articles attracted widespread attention. William Hillman, in November, 1940, declared that "the American newspaperman writing the liveliest prose on the Battle of London is Robert Casey."

His cablegram during this phase of the war is a classic: "Hotel just blown out from under me. Filing tomorrow. Regards." (*Filing* is journalistic for "sending the dispatch.") Two years later Casey could say that "the bombing of London is no more real to me than any other nightmare," while the scenes of his schooldays at St. Mary's College in St. Marys, Kan., more than 30 years ago remain indelible.

In Africa he covered the battles in early 1941. His dispatch on the fall of Bengasi was "perhaps the most graphic description of the Italian route to be filed," states *Current Biography* for March, 1943. By a strange providence, the doughty traveler received a leg injury when excited Egyptians in Cairo pushed him off a train during an air raid. Well, 22 busy months on the fronts, armed only with a typewriter, was enough for a man turned 50. It was time to go home, time to see his wife Marie again.

Bob Casey is not one to waste his time. During the 21-day journey from Bombay, India, to Trinidad in the West Indies via Capetown, he hammered out his 200,000-word *I Can't Forget*, which shows what a man can do with day-by-day material, little conversations, minor human contacts, as well as with the great tragedies and heartbreaks of a world struggle.

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. January, 1944.

Arriving in Chicago July 5, 1941, Casey heaved a sigh of relief. "I feel a little like Christopher Columbus. This is a very nice country you have here." But Bob Casey wasn't made to sit still. How about a little trip to Alaska? Sure. So he became the first American newspaperman to report on the new air bases. Then the Japs pounded Pearl Harbor. Casey was off to Hawaii.

In the fall of 1942, *Torpedo Junction*, his ringside description of the battle of Midway, appeared. The Catholic Review Service called it "the saga of one of the more remarkable events of all naval history, the material and spiritual restoration of the Pacific fleet between Pearl Harbor and Midway."

Then after throwing his newspaper book, *Such Interesting People*, into form, he covered the desert maneuvers, chewing sand with the trainees. Then on to Mexico to look into the tin situation. Then back to the U. S. and down into the bellies of submarines. He wanted first-hand data for another book. He never relies on second-hand information.

Bob's friends wonder what he will do next. Mrs. Casey knows he'll be off on another assignment unless the ambition to write another murder story masters him. Being a "newspaperman's widow," she thinks other women are living abnormal lives. "I caught her young," says Bob, "and educated her myself." Perhaps the biggest cross for Bob and Marie is that they have no children.

If Casey hadn't been slightly tubercular, he might have found a career in

chemistry. When his father handed the frail lad over to Father John P. Foley, S.J., for the trip from Chicago to St. Mary's, he remarked, "I don't care if he doesn't open a book this first year, just so he can kick a football over the building before next June." Instead of kicking a football Bob cracked the books and brought home a gold medal. His only sport was handball. But he was still plagued with t. b. at graduation from St. Mary's in 1910 and did not try to get a degree in chemical engineering.

Edwin A. Lahey of the Washington Bureau of the Chicago *Daily News* calls Casey "a human blotter. He is deep in the lore of the Middle Ages one year, and one of the country's outstanding experts on radio the next. The next year might find him on an expedition to study the archeological evidence in Angkor-Vat or Easter Island. His military knowledge is prodigious, and he is no mean chemist and physicist."

And he might have been a pianist. If he hadn't ruined his hands by working in a sawmill in South Dakota for a winter, he might be touring as a concert pianist today or with a symphony orchestra or hammering out the accompaniment of the latest popular hit for one of the name bands. That winter in a sawmill, says Casey, "finished my hands but not my ears. After that I couldn't bear to hear myself play the piano so I quit."

His reading Richard Harding Davis' *Gallagher* had a great deal to do with the question of vocation in Bob Casey's

adolescent mind. He would be a newspaperman. And he would get his education at St. Mary's College in Kansas. "I had been greatly influenced by some Catholic books," he observes. "I went to St. Mary's because I had read Father Finn's stories. I never regretted having allowed myself to be guided by him and I still think his books were tops in their class."*

In college he won a place on the staff of the college monthly, an outlet for his sports articles and his short stories from 1905 till graduation. One of his old *Dial* short stories, "The Odor of Garlic" or some such title, saved him and his wife from starvation while he tried to sell a fly-catching device to unsympathetic customers one icy winter shortly after marriage. Sale of this story to *Adventure* gave him the break into newspapers in 1910. He has been piling up column inches ever since. Casey admits that the biggest incentive to be a newspaperman was the threat of starvation combined with the discovery that he could earn a living at writing.

A sports editor in his yearly 20's, Bob quickly showed his independence. After a hard week on sports he was asked to pinch-hit for the police reporter. Bob said, "Nothing doing," and told the managing editor he was leaving in two weeks. Then he sat down and began pounding out applications and his 31st won him an offer. Bob and Marie headed for Houston, Texas. Ten years there and in Chicago were filled with assorted newspaper assignments. Finally in 1920, after his World War ex-

*See Catholic Digest, December, 1943, p. 33.

perience, he began to hang his hat in the office of the Chicago *Daily News*. He has been its pride and headache ever since, its pride because of top-notch reporting, its headache because of his quaint custom of quitting until he gets a boost in pay. When his boss congratulated him for his series of articles on the present war, Casey answered with a disarming smile, "I'm glad you like them because they cost you about \$600 apiece."

With the *News* he developed into a first-class reporter, after being an editor of one kind or another for over ten years with other papers. "That's constant progress," says Casey. He was glad to leave desk work. Looking back on a long career, he rates as his most helpful assignment "the trial of William Darling Shepherd (acquitted) for the murder of his ward Billy McClinck, because it got me off re-write."

His feature stories on the first page of the *News* won him a large following. His practice of deflating and deglamorizing the gangsters operating in Chicago was a startling innovation. His two main rules in reporting are: keep away from the crowds, and never get far away from the wire. Acting upon the advice of an old city editor as to note-taking, "If the guy says anything worth printing, you will remember it," Casey makes little use of the pad and pencil on small assignments.

The passage of years brought him a variety of assignments in many parts of the world. One assignment might find this curious mixture of sentimental, hard-boiled realist, and bold ad-

venturer "reverently on his knees in the Holy Land," according to his friend Ed Lahey; "another might find him, as happened a few years ago, hiring a taxi plane to fly from rim to rim of the Grand Canyon, dropping empty beer bottles and a Ford axle atop a mesa the walls of which were being scaled by a Harvard archaeological expedition in search of signs of 'prehistoric civilization.' While covering a terrible school explosion in New London, Texas, he could weep his heart out over the fate of the children who perished. While a jury was out in a murder case I once covered with Bob, he could taunt the defendant (a particularly unwholesome little fellow) with the promise of attending his execution, whereas another might be inclined to sympathize with the fellow mainly because he was so undeserving of sympathy."

A member of the Alcohol Appreciation Guild, as the sign in his office den attests, Casey does not disdain the stimulation afforded by an occasional nip. In the old days when Bob would drop into a saloon on Madison St., news of his arrival would travel down the line as though natives were beating the message on drums or building signal fires. Soon the bums from the dives, beggars in fake Salvation Army hats, ladies selling neckties, girls peddling paper flowers, women in fake religious habits would begin drifting in. "The appearance of Bob in a W. Madison St. saloon," says Lahey, "could bring out all these phonies like the sun brings out the cherry blossoms in spring." All of them made a touch. But they didn't

fool Bob. Generous and tenderhearted to a fault, he would give them something even though he knew they were fakers.

But the same tenderhearted Casey can cut a stuffed shirt to pieces in his newspaper copy and love it. As bold as the toughest commando, he speaks his mind freely—for he is no pussyfooter. When Rudolph Valentino was being buried in New York, Casey indignantly demanded to know what Jew he had to interview in order to get credentials to enter St. Malachy's church.

With as much of an eye for the incongruous as easygoing Bob Benchley, Casey finds much in life to laugh about. Once when Jack Benny, then on the *Jello* program, got in trouble over smuggling, Casey wrote a classic lead for his story that would qualify him for newspaper immortality, "Jack Benny gulped today in six delicious flavors, including raspberry, and pleaded guilt, etc."

The man whose amazing versatility is evident from a survey of the 20 books he has published in 22 years says he's "no world-burner as an author." As to system in writing books, he says, "Books like *I Can't Forget* and *Torpedo Junction* write themselves. *Torpedo Junction* was actually a diary. When I sit down to write a book like *Such Interesting People*, or a travel book or even a detective story, I write it rapidly. A detective story has to be outlined in advance just to take care of loose ends, and the more speedily it is written, the better it is because you don't have so much opportunity to forget

things. *The Secret of 37 Hardy Street* was written in ten days. I'd rather write a newspaper story than a book. I consider writing just sheer drudgery with all the concomitant thrill of laying brick."

Casey has always believed that "if a writer has anything to write about, he ought to write it and forget the hooey about popular prejudice. To my notion it has never existed. The biography of a saint can be quite lovely or quite nauseating, depending upon what the writer does to it. As examples I can cite Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*—I did a bit on that subject myself in *The Gentleman in Armor*—and Franz

Werfel's *Song of Bernadette*."

Even as a college student at St. Mary's, Bob felt that if a person had anything important to say on any subject somebody would listen. "Of course, nobody would ever read the line of pap I had been handed in some Catholic books during my childhood, but I thought then as now that the reason such books were unreadable was not because they were Catholic but because they were tripe. My advice to any young Catholic who aspires to write books or go into the newspaper business is that he learn the job of writing first. After that, everything else comes easy."



An experiment at Columbia University showed that variations in the phrasing of questions brought different answers from the same persons. Five different results were obtained on the same issue from the same group by slight variations in wording of the questions. This would seem to indicate that the persons making up the questions can get pretty much whatever answers they desire. Philip Guedalla, British historian, has no faith in surveys of public opinion. He declares: "Before attaching the slightest importance to any diagnosis of public opinion based on a privately selected register of voters, I should want to be told at the top of each statement exactly how many voters were consulted. When I am told, for example, that 62% support this view or that, I want to know, '62% of what?'"

Dr. Henry C. Link, the psychologist, in a paper read before the American Psychological Association, challenged the validity of public-opinion polls. In one test, 5,000 persons were asked: "Do you think the government should do something to keep prices from going up?" Immediately after this, these same people were asked: "Do you think the government should do something to keep wages and salaries from going up?" In answer to the first question, 85% said *Yes* and 5% said *No*. But to the second question only 27% said *Yes* and 35% said *No*. Commented Dr. Link: "These opinions were obviously contradictory. Yet, in spite of such contradictions, issues of national and international importance are being discussed and decided with reference to poll results. Thus, the question of validity no longer is merely a scientific problem, but a public problem of major importance."

John A. Toomey in *America* (20 Nov. '43).

Thirty-nine Days Adrift

By G. O. (DICK) McLAUGHLIN, U.S.N.

As told to Lieut. C. K. Blackburn, U.S.N., Retired

Condensed from *The Sign**

The naked shingles of the world

Thirty-nine days is a short time. But not in an open boat, crowded to the gunwales.

It started early on a June morning. The ship shuddered. We all fell in a heap, arms, legs, and bodies scrambled on the deck. Another shock sent me spinning ten feet down the passageway. The ship rocked in agony. Greasy water spilled over me in a cascade.

I struggled to my feet. Our gun was all ready for action. The gun captain raked the ocean with his binoculars. "Not even the feather of a periscope in sight," he grumbled.

Seconds later the shrill shriek of the boatswain's pipe resounded: "Abandon ship! All hands man the lifeboats."

I went on the double to a lifeboat on the port side. Two men stood by the davits; already they were lowering away. The boat was halfway to the water. I saw many men who were even then seating themselves on the thwarts. I started down the rope to join them. My feet were about three feet above the boat's deck when I heard a screech from topside, "Knot in forward painter!"

The afterline ran free and clear but the strain on the fouled forward painter tipped the boat and spilled the men in it toward the sea. As they dived out

three men grabbed my right leg. One clutched my left. My arms almost came out of their sockets. Suddenly I heard a tearing sound. My right pants leg had torn loose. The three men holding on disappeared into the sea.

Slowly, laboriously, I pulled myself upward, the man still clinging to my left leg. I reached the deck and pulled him to safety. For a second or so we lay there panting.

We could not wait long. Each instant the ship listed more heavily. Before long she would go hurtling into the depths. As soon as we dared we ran to the starboard side, jumped feet first into the sea. We watched the final dive of our ship.

Neither my companion nor I spoke a word, conserving our strength. Finally I heard him croak out, "I can't keep it up any longer. I'm done." I tried to reach him; but before I could get to his side he threw up his hands and disappeared. I was alone. Every muscle ached. I envied my companion. The depths of the ocean looked inviting.

Something kept me from giving up. I'm not sure what, but probably it was the God my parents had taught me to believe in. In a few minutes I heard the flap, flap of paddles in the waves, and a life raft bore down toward me.

*Union City, N. J. January, 1944.

I made a few feeble strokes in its direction and called out. A heartening hail answered my puny cry. A little later I lay breathless at full length on the life raft: I was the 14th occupant. The great hulk of a U-boat heaved upward through the sea. I sat up. The instant the submarine surfaced, men swarmed from the conning tower.

Their hands carried machine guns. The muzzles of those guns did not waver.

"Who iss the captain?" one of the officers asked in broken English.

"He is not here," the leading seaman on the raft answered.

"You are in charge, yess?" the German went on. "What ship were you on? With what cargo did you sail? To what port were you bound?"

The seaman answered the questions. The Germans seemed satisfied.

"Can we anything for you do?"

We asked for food, cigarettes, and a compass.

"Food and compass, no. Cigarettes, yes." He turned to one of the men and barked out an order.

The officer passed us the cigarettes. An instant later the U-boat's engines turned over. Men vanished down the conning-tower hatch—but not all went below. The U-boat stayed on the surface for about 600 yards. All the time her ugly snout was above water the sunlight glinted on the metal of guns. They took no chance that we, at the last moment, might open fire before they dove.

Soon we sighted the small sails of a lifeboat. As one man we let out a yell.

The fact that the 32-foot boat was jammed almost to overflowing did not, at that moment, change my feeling of pleasure. Even the request of the merchant first mate, the senior officer saved from the ship, for nine volunteers to remain on the raft did not shake me. Stowed aboard the boat was a big water keg and enough rations to carry us to safety. The mate, a trained seaman, was at the tiller. He could guide us speedily over the 400 odd miles which at that instant seemed so short.

I willingly volunteered to stay on the raft. Part of my feeling of security was lost when my breakfast came over from the boat. Three ounces of water and one hardtack.

That morning we on the raft talked freely with the 49 men in the boat. She had no compass aboard, no charts. The mate was setting our course due west, but he had only the sun and stars to guide him. Even so, he hoped to be able to make a landfall in about 15 days. Fifteen days! I was dumb enough to think of what lay ahead only as an adventure. What did it matter if I did have to go on short rations? It would only give me more to tell my girl when I returned to the States.

By noon the talk almost died. We stolidly ate the square inch of chocolate which was our lunch, swallowed the meager allowance of water. The tropic sun directly overhead blistered my uncovered head. I took off my undershirt and draped it over my head.

I was mighty glad to see the sun sink behind the horizon. The evening meal of the usual three ounces of water plus

one malted-milk tablet came across to us. It was hardly a banquet. The heat of the tropics settled down on us. But the sun no longer scorched us. An occasional gentle wave rolled across the raft to cool our fevered skins.

Another day passed by. My cigarette supply ran low. I rationed it myself. Twice daily I allowed myself the delight of one quarter of a cigarette.

The third day after the torpedoing it was still clear, hot, and muggy. The sea lay unruffled. In the middle of the morning we heard a wild screech from the boat ahead. An instant later one of the men, laughing insanely, scrambled up the mainmast and plunged off into the water.

The sails came tumbling down; men manned the oars. The lifeboat swung in a wide arc. Slowly, painfully, the weary, hungry men rowed back toward the demented man flailing wildly at the water. Gentle hands dragged him into the boat, rigged a queer awning of dungarees over him. Night and day for two days and nights his shipmates watched over him; soothed him when he started to rise; fanned him with their shirts. Their kindly care brought his complete recovery.

This episode sobered everyone. No one thought anymore that we were on an adventure. We knew it would only be through the grace of God that we would reach port safe, sound, mentally whole. For the first time I heard prayers spoken aloud on the raft. Without God I would have despaired entirely. I think the others all felt the same.

On the fourth day our water ration

came down to two ounces, three times daily. The sky never once clouded over. I got so I hated the blue of the skies.

After two weeks our raft became so waterlogged as to make it impossible to stay longer. We clambered painfully from it into the lifeboat, nine more men added to the 49 already crowded together. The next day, the day the mate hoped to make a landfall, our food supply ran out. We dangled our hands in the water and pulled out long strings of kelp, which we dried and ate. It was tasteless and the salt which clung to it added almost unbearably to our thirst. From that time on, when our hunger became unendurable, we trailed the boat paddles over the side and chewed on the wood while it was still wet.

On the 17th day our water ran out. Our throats dried. We could not speak; we only croaked. Our mouths became a crater of consuming fire. Each day the relentless sun built up that flame. Our bodies were almost entirely covered with sores.

For four days we went through the tortures of the damned. Not much longer could we have held out. Then came the blessed rain. We unrigged our sails and channeled the precious moisture into the water keg. Everyone on board worked with mouth open, uplifted, to let the grateful coolness drip into his parched throat.

The mate gave us a special ration of six ounces of water after that rain. The sweetness of that long draught of water I shall never forget. The next morning after the rain I looked over the side.

"Fish," I cried out, with delight. "Schools of them."

I reached my hand into the water and came up with one. Soon everyone on board had a fish. We chewed their heads, ate their insides, devoured everything except the bones. They tasted good, even uncooked. The mate said they were pompanos. Those in the water seemed undisturbed by our groping hands. They followed the boat right along. For five days we gorged ourselves on them. By that time our water had again given out. The blood of the fish was our only drink.

The morning of the 26th day of our saga, one of the men reached down for a pompano. Suddenly he gave an unearthly shriek. He lifted up the gory stump where his arm had been. Sick, I looked over the side. I could see the fin of a shark moving away. We bandaged the mutilated arm as best we could. It was useless. Two days later, after hours of screaming agony, the injured man died.

With the coming of the shark the pompanos disappeared. We had neither water nor food. We were bearded skeletons, more dead than alive. Death would have been welcomed to put an end to our misery. We envied the cook, who died of exposure two days after we buried the wounded man in the sea. We dangled in the lifeboat like marionettes whose strings had not yet been pulled. Desperate, almost hopeless prayers were about the only words we would hear from one day's end to another.

When the mate croaked out, "Land

Ho," on the morning of the 32nd day of our Calvary, it did not arouse us; few even looked where he pointed. I thought I saw land. I could not be sure. It might be a dread mirage painted there to arouse false hopes. Not till the moon lighted up the sky did our boat ground near the shore of an island. We climbed painfully out and waded ashore. With one of our few remaining flares we lighted a fire.

No one came. In the morning we explored the island, later found to be Little Inagua in the lower Bahamas. No food of any kind could we scare up. We did stumble onto a water hole; drank of the sulphur-flavored water; devoured green leaves. The next morning the mate ordered us back to the boat. For another day and a half without food or water we saw nothing. Then we reached another island.

Snails were crawling on the sand. We picked up as many as we could, started a fire, stewed them in brackish water, stuck in green leaves, and made a sick, weakly broth at which the poorest of us would have turned up his nose in happier days. It tasted as good to us as the first manna did to the Israelites. We stayed on that island two and a half days.

Even the faintest-hearted regained some hope from this stay. This time we headed northward. Two days later we sighted Acklin Island. Our first gale of the 39 days roared down upon us. Even within the channel we expected the boat to swamp at any minute. We were too weak, too crowded, to bail out the water that shot over the gun-

wales. We did manage to get our anchor over the side. What a relief when a sudden jerk told us we were at anchor! All night the sea pounded us viciously.

At dawn we started farther up the channel. The boat suddenly stopped, to the sound of ripping planks. Water poured into the boat. We had to get out. Beneath our feet was coral reef. Its sharp edges cut into our tender feet.

I never saw anyone I welcomed so much as I did the two Negro women who waited for us on the beach of that atoll. When they spoke English I wanted to throw my arms around them and hug them. They led us to their tiny house, cooked corn mush for us, and brought us fresh water.

We stayed on Acklin Island three days. Its Negro inhabitants treated us royally. They killed goats to give us meat, fed us with goat milk. The last night before a schooner was to leave to take us to another island our hosts held a church meeting. Sailors are supposed to be tough. I guess some are. But all of us attended that meeting.

And when the Negro quartet started to sing in their mellow tones, our voices joined them. We almost lifted the roof as we sang, *Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*.

We had not gone far in our schooner before a trim yacht signaled to us and pulled up alongside. Our Negro friends had passed the word to the authorities in Nassau that we were coming. All kinds of food, sweets, and cigarettes were handed out.

In Nassau we went to the hospital for treatment for our salt-water sores. There the British treated us splendidly. Then we flew to Miami, thence to New York. There I stepped on the scales. The 157-pound youngster who had left the torpedoed ship weighed only 118. I must have weighed less than 110 when I landed at Acklin.

Go again? Sure. Not until seamen throughout the world are safe from murderous attacks can we stop going to sea. We owe it to ourselves and to seamen everywhere to see that others will not have to go through the agony we did.



Of the countless stories told of Rockne the one Elmer Layden likes best concerns the time the Irish coach decided to use soccer as part of his conditioning program during spring football drills.

"The idea of soccer," Rockne said as he lined up two teams preparatory to play, "is to kick either the ball or the other fellow's shins."

Rockne then discovered that the student managers had failed to bring out a soccer ball for use and when he informed the players there would be a slight delay, some big redheaded youngster piped up, "To hell with the ball, let's get the game started."

Tommy Devine in a UP news dispatch (27 March '43).

Starving Europe and the Next War

By SEN. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR.

Tomorrow's children

Condensed from the *Progressive**

Four grim winters have already taken their awful toll among the ravaged peoples of occupied Europe since this war began, and now a fifth, probably the grimmest of them all, is upon them. Disease and malnutrition are on the march, and, like invisible claws of a giant pincers movement, they are moving in to destroy the helpless civilians, women, and children, who are imprisoned in Hitler's European fortress.

It is estimated by Belgian officials that 20% of the Belgian population will perish by the end of next year, and that in Poland the war will destroy 50% of the population. In Belgium the most reliable estimates to be had indicate that tuberculosis has increased 800% since May, 1940, that 35% of Belgium's 2,300,000 children are tubercular now and 40% threatened. The alarming increase of contagious disease in Holland has resulted in a German order to members of its armed forces to keep away from all public gatherings.

The reason for those horrible conditions is not hard to find. There is unquestionably a lack of medical care and supplies to combat disease, but it is the lack of proper food that has made the peoples of occupied Europe helpless to resist the inroads of disease. Generally speaking, the children in occupied Europe have been forced to get along on

about a third of the food we consider the minimum for American children. In some countries things are worse than in others. Growing children need fats, and minerals, and other food elements which adults can do without, at least, temporarily. It is these fats and other critical food elements that are scarcest.

In Poland the daily adult ration last January was 210 grams of flour and bread, 350 grams of potatoes, 15 grams of sugar, 20 grams of meat, and 5 grams of fat. A gram is approximately 1/30th of an ounce. Compare that with the normal American diet which includes on the average 243 grams of bread and cereals, 217 grams of meat, fish, and eggs, 340 grams of milk and cream, 134 grams of butter, cheese, and other fats, 376 grams of vegetables and potatoes, 276 grams of fruit, and 142 grams of sugar and syrup.

The situation in France and Norway and some of the other occupied countries is slightly better than in Poland, but it is desperate in all of them. In Norway the daily ration of meat has been only seven grams, although it provides for approximately 50 grams of fats. This is a better fats ration than the Polish people have, but it is still less than half the amount in the normal American diet.

The Red Cross medical service reports that the legal rations of fats in

*315 N. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. Dec. 27, 1943.

Belgium are from 20 to 85% deficient as compared with average needs of the different age groups. The deficiencies are less in the case of younger children because an effort has been made to take the fats away from adults and give them to children, but nevertheless the ration is 60% deficient in the 6-14 year group, and 85% deficient in the 14-18 age group.

The consequences of malnutrition can not be adequately measured in terms of mortality alone. The dangers of broken bodies and twisted minds among those that live are just as horrible to contemplate, and are more far-reaching in their effect. Let it not be forgotten that the seeds of revenge that finally bore the bitter fruit of nazism were planted in the hearts of the German people during the years of blockade, despair, and devastation following the last war, culminating in the inflationary debacle of 1923.

In the name of common humanity and common sense America and the other United Nations must offer its help to the innocent women and children of occupied countries. For three years we have been talking about it, but little has been accomplished, except in Greece. Britain has taken the position that to send food to these starving people would defeat the military effectiveness of the blockade, and our State Department has in the past weakly acquiesced.

The success of the relief program in Greece, however, has demonstrated that it can be carried out in other occupied countries without aiding the ene-

my one iota. The National Committee on Food for the Small Democracies, under Hoover's leadership, undertook in 1940 and 1941 to work out a plan to provide relief for Belgium, but the British refused to approve it. The efforts of various other groups in the occupied countries have been almost negligible, and the result is that the Allies are still withholding any effective help.

The military argument that is used against proposals to send food to war victims overlooks the success achieved in Greece. It overlooks also the fact that 7,000 tons of food a month are going to prisoners of war in Germany itself with no appreciable help to the enemy.

Greek relief is supervised by a joint Swiss-Swedish neutral commission of 30, aided by 3,000 local Greek committees in Greece itself. The foodstuffs are shipped in Swedish ships, passage through the Allied blockade being arranged in advance. To prevent the Germans from gaining any advantage therefrom, the neutral governments of Switzerland and Sweden first obtained guarantees that Germany would take no foodstuffs out of Greece. Thus, the blockade on Germany's war effort is not broken.

The effort does, however, extend to the children of war-torn Europe a helping hand which may stifle the otherwise inevitable flames of bitterness that may again break out in another world conflagration 20 years from now when Europe's children of today become its leaders of tomorrow.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Curtin, Mary McKenna, *compiler*. *PILGRIMS ALL. Milwaukee: Bruce.* 295 pp. \$2.75. Short stories by 28 modern Catholic authors. A field of literature only recently invaded in strength by Catholics.

De Jong, L., and Stoppelman, Joseph W. F. *THE LION RAMPANT. New York: Querido, Inc.* 386 pp. \$3. Authentic account of Dutch resistance to their conquerors, with considerable emphasis on Catholic participation in it.

Edwards, E. J., S.V.D. *WHITE FIRE. Milwaukee: Bruce.* 219 pp. \$2.75. Novel of a young man in a Philippine leper settlement. Minute description of native ways; live handling of narrative.

Feeney, Leonard. *THE LEONARD FEENEY OMNIBUS. New York: Sheed & Ward.* 399 pp. \$3. Collection of brilliant writing by one who is still very much alive and hard at his work.

Holisher, Desider. *THE ETERNAL CITY, ROME OF THE POPES. New York: Ungar.* 160 pp. \$3. Over 225 photographs and running commentary on the religious, educational, and administrative life of the Church's center.

Leão, Sylvia. *WHITE SHORE OF OLINDA. New York: Vanguard Press.* 246 pp. \$2.50. Picture of a Brazilian fishing village: the love of Gervasio, the man of the sea, for the lonely maker of lace, Marília.

Maguire, Captain William A. *THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS. New York: Macmillan.* 207 pp. \$2. Stories of men and ships of the U. S. Navy. Begins with Pearl Harbor and carries on the narrative of a chaplain's experiences begun in *Rig for Church*.

Nute, Grace Lee. *CAESARS OF THE WILDERNESS: MÉDARD CHOUART, SIEUR DES GROSELLIERS AND PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON, 1618-1710. New York: Appleton.* 386 pp. \$4. Authoritative account of two 17th-century explorers and fur-trade characters of the Old Northwest and Canada.

O'Hara, Mary. *THUNDERHEAD. Philadelphia: Lippincott.* 320 pp. \$2.75. Tale of a ranch boy and his fabulous horse, evoking memories of the heroic age. Sequel to *My Friend Flicka*.

THE RACCOLTA, OR, PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS ENRICHED WITH INDULGENCES. Edited and translated by Joseph P. Christopher and Charles E. Spence. New York: Benziger. 599 pp. \$3.85. Well-printed, up-to-date official collection of prayers and practices.

Sheen, Fulton J. *PHILOSOPHIES AT WAR. New York: Scribner.* 200 pp. \$2. Life principles of religion for escaping the social death implicit both in untrammelled American individualism and the regimentation of the totalitarian state.